





The Book of Job.





THE  
B O O K O F J O B ;

IN ENGLISH VERSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL HEBREW : WITH NOTES, CRITICAL  
AND EXPLANATORY.

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. C. STATHER,

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## PREFACE.

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THE BOOK OF JOB is universally admitted to be the most ancient of all the Sacred Canon, and, probably, of all other writings in the world.

The country which Job inhabited was the land of Idumæa, a part of Arabia Petræa, on the south-east of the Tribe of Judah (see note 1).

JOB himself has been considered, in an addition to the Septuagint version of his book, as well as by Philo, Aristæus, and Polyhistor, and a great number of the Fathers, as identical with JOBAB, one of the ancient kings of EDOM, and third in descent from Esau. *Gen.* xxxvi. 33, and 1 *Chron.* i. 44, 45. It is, however, possible that he was a descendant of Nahor, by Huz, (written in the Hebrew, precisely as *Uz*,) his eldest son, as Elihu was by Buz, his second son. Compare *Job* xxxii. 2, with *Gen.* xxii. 21.

The argument that Job (as JOBAB) was among "the kings who reigned in the land of Edom, before any king reigned over the children of Israel," (*Gen. xxxvi. 31*) seems the most probable ; and, as he was a native and inhabitant of the land of Edom, the conclusion is most natural that he was a descendant of the patriarch Esau, through his second son Reuel.

One of Job's friends was Eliphaz the Temanite. In the scriptural genealogy of Edom, we find Eliphaz mentioned as the son of Esau, and the father of Teman. He is styled the Temanite, evidently, in consequence of his inhabiting a district, in the land of Edom, on which he had bestowed the name of his eldest son. Job, therefore, must have been contemporary with Eliphaz, the son of Esau ; but, not being mentioned among the sons of Esau, if he were a descendant of that patriarch, he must have been removed some generations further from the parent stock than Eliphaz, and must, therefore, have been a younger man. This point is very satisfactorily determined by the Book of Job itself. Eliphaz the Temanite, speaking in his own behalf, and in that

of Job's other two friends, Bildad and Zophar, represents both them and himself as very aged men; much older than even Job's father: and Elihu, in like manner, describes all the three as being very old; modestly using, in reference to his own juniority, the oriental apophthegm "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." If, then, Eliphaz the son of Esau were much older than even Job's father, Job himself, at the commencement of his trials, must have been, for that age, a comparatively young man; and, if descended from Esau, he must have been full two generations lower in the pedigree than Eliphaz.

Having thus, inductively, ascertained the comparative ages of Job and Eliphaz, we may naturally expect to find a man of his eminence mentioned among the great grandsons of Esau; and here, accordingly, we are not, apparently, disappointed.

By his wife, Bashemath, the daughter of Ishmael, Esau became the father of Reuel: the son of Reuel was Zerah, and the son of Zerah was Jobab. This Jobab, the great grandson of Esau, and, therefore, the

strict contemporary of Job, is described as being like that personage, a man of high rank, and as reigning in a district of Edom. In every particular, therefore, Jobab appears to correspond with Job ; and as, in addition to circumstantial evidence, the name Jobab is similar to that of Job, (though written with the omission of the initial *aleph*, and reduplication of the final *beth*,) we may infer that Jobab and Job are one and the same person.

Such, at least, is the determination of the intelligent writer of the Greek epilogue, suffixed to the translation of the book of Job by the seventy. He states that Job dwelt in the land of Uz, on the confines of Idumæa and Arabia : that his original name was Jobab ; that he was the son of Zerah, grandson of Esau : and, consequently, that he was the fifth in descent from Abraham.

It may be added in confirmation of the foregoing remarks that Job was undoubtedly a great prince ; that his book abounds in Arabisms ; and the period of his birth, as third in descent from Esau, would render him contemporary with Elihu, of the posterity of Buz.

The Author of the book of Job was, most probably, Job himself. If, as many think, Moses was the writer of it, whence arises the great difference between its language and that of the Pentateuch, the unquestioned production of the Jewish Lawgiver? Or, possibly, Job may have composed the poem in the cognate dialect spoken by the descendants of Esau, and Moses, during his sojourn in the land of Midian, becoming acquainted with it, and conversant with its language, may have translated it into Hebrew for the use and edification of his people, adding the closing part of the narrative.

The sentiments, the images, and the religious ceremonies contained in this book are all patriarchal, and have no relation whatever to Levitical institutions. Job, like Abraham, is, at once, the Prince and the Priest of his tribe: he offers sacrifice both for his family and friends. Hence, it is indubitable that the scenes herein enacted occurred long prior to the days of Moses.

No book, perhaps, has more exercised the ingenuity of critics and commentators than this; and it has been, generally, considered the most abstruse, in its language

and figures, of all the Old Testament writings, and numerous passages in it are dark and hard to be understood. Bishop Lowth, in his lectures on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews, says of this book, " Many passages are confessedly obscure, and there are several which, I fear, no human skill will ever be able to unravel." Many of its difficulties arise from the frequent use of Arabic and Syriac expressions, with which European translators, in general, have been little acquainted ; but more, perhaps, from their ignorance of oriental customs, and natural history.

There is abundant evidence of the divine inspiration of this book. Job is classed with Noah and Daniel, by Ezekiel ; referred to by the Apostle James ; and quoted by Paul : but, above all, its own internal testimony proves its divine origin. Yet, we should always remember, that though its inspiration be undoubted, and the truth of its narrative certain, it is equally evident that when Job or his friends argue erroneously, and draw wrong *inferences* from right *principles*, their mistakes are not the voice of inspiration. Hence, caution is needed

in making quotations, and deducing inferences from detached passages of this portion of Holy Scripture.

The Book opens with an account of Job's piety and prosperity; the charge of hypocrisy and selfishness which Satan brought against him, and the permission which he obtained from God to reduce him to the deepest distress as a trial of his integrity.

It proceeds to relate how his former friends, witnessing his unprecedented sufferings, were led to condemn him as a wicked man. This gave rise to a warm controversy, whether heavy afflictions prove any person, who is apparently godly, to be a hypocrite. In disputing this point, the principles of true religion were argued from by all parties, as undoubted truths, and many excellent things were spoken: but the whole was painfully mixed up with human infirmity. When they could, by no means, agree upon the subject, Elihu, who had been an auditor of the debate, interfered with great modesty, and solemnity; and having first censured the other disputants for groundlessly condemning Job, he proceeded to reprove him for his improper eagerness in

justifying himself, whereby he had audaciously reflected on the decrees and justice of God.

While he was discoursing, Jehovah Himself spake out of a whirlwind, and by a discovery of His majesty and glory, made Job sensible of his presumption, and brought him to humble himself before Him as a vile polluted sinner. This being effected, He justified Job from the charge of hypocrisy, condemned the language and conduct of his friends, and having decided the controversy in favour of Job, He appointed him to sacrifice and intercede on their behalf, that they might be forgiven. The whole closes with an account of Job's deliverance, and redoubled prosperity, honor, and happiness.

This poem is the most highly poetic in the Sacred Canon. Some of the images and descriptions are supremely grand; and the rhetorical figures freely used throughout, possess a boldness of sublimity compared with which all human productions are low and tame. How magnificent are certain passages in chapters 9, 20, 26, 27, 28, 31, 37! The *audacity* of the *prosopopœias*, or per-

sonifications, in some of these is startling in its loftiness ; while the amazing grandiloquence of the language of Jehovah in chapters 38—41, oppresses with its overwhelming sublimity and splendor.

But much, very much of the beauty of this wonderful poem is obscured, and the sequence of the narrative marred, by the misconception, and, consequently, mistranslation of a great number of its most exquisite passages ; and, in measure with their sublimity, has been the misconception. This, together with the general confusion of moods, tenses, persons, images, metaphors, &c. &c., and, hence, of the true signification of the passages so obscured, is, indeed, lamentable : and thus, a book which, for poetic beauty and divine grandeur, is unparalleled in the world, serves, merely, as a kind of magazine for detached portions of divine truth, (and even some of these are erroneously rendered ;) while irrelevancies, discrepancies, and positive absurdities are of such frequent occurrence in our common version, that the poem cannot, in its integrity, be perused with pleasure.

Our worthy and painstaking Translators were, doubtless, much perplexed, in the entire absence of the aids which modern discoveries and science, and lexicons and grammars now afford to the student of Hebrew ; and hence it was that their difficulties increased in ratio with the poetic beauties and abstruse sublimities of the subject under their assiduous hands.

The poetry of every language is always the severest test to its student ; and this is true especially of oriental tongues : in which, metaphor, ellipse, parable, image, and sententiousness abound. Moreover, the habits, customs, manners, modes of thought, dwelling, dress, &c. &c., of eastern tribes, are so widely dissimilar from those of western nations, that a sojourn in the East is essential to the right comprehension of the orientalisms of the Bible ; while to one who has passed the greater part of his life in the clime of the children of the East, and has become familiar with their scenes, habits, customs, thoughts, and literature, portions of holy writ, which otherwise, had appeared unintelligible, become plain and perspicuous.

The following metrical translation of a Book which has been a favourite study with so many able interpreters, critics, and literati, is the fruit of occasional labour during many years of literal dwelling in the *tents* of Shem. In the solitude of the remote districts of India, beneath its almost perpetual sunshine, the task has been a pleasant recreation in the intervals of official toil: and now, it is, at length, sent forth with the diffidence of one who comes newly before the public eye.

The work is what it is designated, a *translation*, not a *paraphrase*; (though the latter term properly belongs to a *few* isolated passages;) that is to say, a translation as close to the original Hebrew as English *rhyme* can possibly admit. To have clothed it in blank verse had been a simpler task: but the majestic cadence of heroic rhyme seemed, at least to the author's taste, the only one becoming the dignity of the subject; excepting the first two chapters, and the last; which, being prose in the original, have, herein, been thrown only into blank measure.

Wherever the text of the common version, or the

marginal reading, has contained the true idea, it has been generally, adhered to, that is, as to idea, though not always as to expression. When an entire change of translation occurs, a note is given at the end of the book, in explanation and defence ; with proofs from the original Hebrew ; the mode of spelling which in English character, is my own, according to habit with Indian languages. When a sentiment, not in the original, is inserted to fill up a line it is enclosed in a *square* bracket, thus [    ].

*Alexandrines* are of rather frequent occurrence, for the entire sense of a passage can often be included in them, thus avoiding the necessity of another line with many redundant words.

In conclusion, the confession must be made that most of the observations at the commencement of this preface, are drawn from various authors ; but, being heterogeneously mixed up and interspersed, they are not formally acknowledged in the usual manner.

W. C. S.

WOODCHESTER,  
20th September, 1859.

# TABLE OF ERRATA.

Page.	Line.				
5-10		for	consider'd	read	considered.
16-20		"	search'd	"	searched.
17-11 & 12		"	21	"	20.
28-4		"	handywork	"	handiwork.
31-1		"	comes	"	come.
46-12		"	vii.	"	xvii.
50-1		"	xvi.	"	xix.
54-last		"	umbrage	"	outrage.
60-5		"	though	"	through.
72-9		delete	one "the."		
74-14		for	extnds	read	extends.
80-17		"	ought	"	sought.
104-15		"	20	"	120.
108-16		"	his cord	"	the cord.
135-21		"	nesco-pomies	"	nesco, a pomies.
155-13		"	firm	"	farming.
167-last		delete	"the."		
172-17		for	beauty	read	beauty.

# INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

XIV.

PREFACE.

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172—17	<i>for</i>			

# THE BOOK OF JOB.

## Part i.

### CHAPTER I.

---

IN IDUMÆA'S<sup>1</sup> land there dwelt a man,  
Whose name was JOB : the same, a perfect man,  
And upright was ; and one who fear'd God,  
And from the ways of wickedness declin'd.

Sev'n sons to him, and daughters three, were born ;  
His substance, also, was sev'n thousand sheep,  
Three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke  
Of oxen ; and, of she-asses, five hundred ;  
And retinue withal exceeding great ;  
So that this man was greater far than all  
The Sons of olden<sup>2</sup> time.

Among his sons,

It was a custom, each, on his own day,  
His natal day, to make a festival,  
And to invite thereto their sisters three,  
To eat and drink with them. And, it was so  
That, when the days of feasting had gone round,  
Job sent that he might purify his children ;  
And, rising at the early morning tide,  
He offer'd up th' appointed sacrifice,  
According to the number of them all :  
For, it may be, said Job, my sons have sinn'd,  
Albeit they bless <sup>3</sup> JEHOVAH in their hearts.  
And thus did Job, through every circling year.

Now, it befell, that on a certain day,  
Before JEHOVAH, when the sons of God  
Came to present themselves, among them, too,  
Came Satan. And JEHOVAH said to him,  
Whence comest thou ? And Satan, answering, said,  
From going to and fro upon the Earth,  
And walking up and down. Again, to Satan,  
JEHOVAH spake : Hast thou consideréd  
My servant Job ? for there is none like him  
On Earth, a perfect and an upright man,  
One fearing God, and evil ways eschewing.

Then Satan to JEHOVAH made reply :

Doth Job fear God for naught ? Hast thou not made  
A hedge about him, and about his house,  
And about all he hath, on every side ?  
Prosper'd hast thou the labour of his hands,  
And, in the land, his substance is increas'd :  
But stretch forth, now, thy hand, smite all he hath,  
And, will he, then, still bless <sup>4</sup> thee to thy face ?

Then, unto Satan spake JEHOVAH, saying ;  
Lo, in thy pow'r be all that he possesseth,  
Only stretch not thy hand upon himself.  
Then went forth Satan from JEHOVAH's presence.

And lo, upon a certain day, his sons  
And daughters, at their eldest brother's dwelling,  
Were eating meat, and drinking wine together :  
And unto Job a messenger drew near,  
And said : The oxen were at plough ; the asses,  
Beside them feeding were ; when the Sabeans  
Upon them fell, and took them all away :  
With the sword's edge the young men have they slain,  
And I, I, only, am escap'd to tell thee !

While he yet spake, another came and said :  
The fire of God hath fallen from the heavens,  
Burn'd up the sheep, the servants, too, consum'd,  
And, to inform thee, I, alone, am left !

It was a custom, each, on his own day,  
His natal day, to make a festival,  
And to invite thereto their sisters three,  
To eat and drink with them. And, it was so  
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With the sword's edge the young men have they slain,  
And I, I, only, am escap'd to tell thee !

While he yet spake, another came and said :  
The fire of God hath fallen from the heavens,  
Burn'd up the sheep, the servants, too, consum'd,  
And, to inform thee, I, alone, am left !

E'en as he spake, one more arriv'd and said :  
Three bands by the Chaldeans were appointed,  
Which, rushing on the camels, bore them off ;  
With edge of sword the young men have they smitten,  
And I, to tell thee, am alone escaped !

While he was speaking, yet another came,  
And said : Thy sons and daughters eating were,  
And drinking, in their eldest brother's dwelling ;  
When lo, a vehement tempest swept across  
The wilderness ; and, smiting, of the house,  
The corners four, o'erturn'd it ; and it fell  
On the young people, and they all are dead !  
And I, alone, to tell thee, am escaped !

Then arose Job, and, having rent his robe,  
And shav'd his head, prostrate upon the ground  
He fell, and worshippéd JEHOVAH ; saying,  
Naked came I from out my mother's womb ;  
Naked, to kindred dust shall I return !  
JEHOVAH gave ; JEHOVAH hath resum'd ;  
For ever blessed be JEHOVAH'S Name !

In all these things no sin did Job commit,  
Nor aught of evil unto God ascrib'd.

## CHAPTER II.

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THERE was, again, a day when Sons of God  
Came to present themselves before JEHOVAH ;  
And Satan, also, 'mong their bands appear'd,  
Himself before JEHOVAH to present.

Then, unto Satan, thus JEHOVAH spake :  
Whence comest thou ? And Satan, answering, said,  
From going to and fro upon the Earth,  
And walking up and down within its limits.

Again, to Satan spake JEHOVAH, saying ;  
Hast thou consider'd my servant Job,  
That there is none like him upon the Earth,  
A perfect man, and upright ; none like him,  
Who feareth God, and evil ways escheweth ?  
And, still, maintaineth his integrity,  
Although thou movedst me, erewhile, against him,  
E'en to destroy him without a cause.

Then Satan to JEHOVAH, answering, said ;  
Skin<sup>5</sup> against skin ! yea, all a man possesseth,  
Will he, if need be, forfeit for his life.  
But stretch thy hand forth ; touch his bone and flesh ;  
And will he, then, still bless<sup>6</sup> thee to thy face ?

To Satan, then, JEHOVAH made reply ;  
Lo, he is in thine hand ; but, guard his life !  
Then went forth Satan from JEHOVAH's presence,  
And, from the foot-sole to the crown of th' head,  
With ulcerous sores unhappy Job he smote !  
And Job a potsherd took, that he might scrape  
Himself withal ; and sat down on the ashes.

Then spake his wife unto him, and she said,  
Still dost thou thine integrity retain ?  
Blessing<sup>7</sup> thy God, though dying by His hand ?

But he to her made answer : As would speak  
One of the foolish, shouldst *thou*, also, speak ?  
Good shall we gather at the hand of God,  
And evil, also, shall we not accept ?  
In all these things, Job sinn'd not with his lips.

Now, when the three friends of afflicted Job,  
Of all this evil which had fallen on him,  
Intelligence receiv'd, they came, each one,  
From his own dwelling-place : the Temanite

Eliphaz, first: the Shuhite Bildad, next;  
And Zophar, who in Naama's city dwelt.  
For they a compact had together made,  
To come to mourn with, and to comfort him.

And when, from far, they lifted up their eyes,  
And knew him not, they rais'd their voice, and wept!  
And every one his mantle rent; and dust,  
Upon their heads, they sprinkled towards heaven.  
So they sat down with him upon the ground,  
Sev'n days and nights; and none spake word to him,  
For they beheld his grief that it was very great!

END OF PART I.

## Part ii.

### CHAPTER III.

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AT LENGTH, from Job the voice of anguish burst,  
And thus, his day, all bitterly, he curs'd :

Perish the day which birth to me convey'd !  
The night, "a man-child is conceiv'd," which said !  
That day—to endless darkness be it given !  
All unregarded by the God of Heaven !  
No light e'er gild it with its gladd'ning ray,  
But gloom and death-shade challenge it their prey !  
Incumbent o'er it be the louring cloud,  
And lurid storms its dismal aspect shroud,—  
That night—let darkness seize it, deep and drear !  
No more rejoicing 'mid the circling year ;  
And let not in the months its name appear !  
Distinct in horror be that night of woe,  
And natal gladness let it never know !  
But be it curs'd by those who curse the day  
When rous'd Leviathan\* is challeng'd to the fray !

\* See Note 206, on Leviathan.

Dark be the stars amid its twilight drear !  
Light, let it seek, but may no light appear,  
Nor Morn's soft eyelids its grim aspect cheer !  
Because to me the womb it did not close,  
And from my weeping eyes hid not this train of woes !—

Why did my life beyond the womb extend ?  
Why, with my birth, did not my being end ?  
Why sooth'd the knees mine infant frame to rest ?  
To meet my lips why heav'd the tender breast ?  
Why<sup>s</sup> was I not e'en as th' abortive blight,  
Or babe, whose eye ne'er open'd on the light ?  
Then had I rested—free from jading woes ;  
Then had I slept, and tasted sweet repose ;  
With kings and counsellors of noble race,  
Who built up for themselves their lonely resting<sup>s</sup> place ;  
Or with those chiefs whose sepulchres<sup>10</sup> were stor'd  
With piles of gold, or silver's canker'd hoard !  
There—where the wicked from afflicting cease ;  
There—where the weary-hearted rest in peace ;  
Where the freed slaves in tranquil slumbers lie,  
And hear no more th' oppressor's grating cry ;  
Where, small and great to equal grade restor'd,  
No more the servant dreads his haughty lord !

Oh, why is light unto the wretched given ?

Or life prolong'd to those by anguish riven ?  
Who long for Death, which comes not—seek him more  
Than the deep treasure of the hidden ore ;  
Who would exult his dreadful pow'r to brave,  
And be enraptur'd could they find the grave :  
Why giv'n to one, whose hidden pathway knows  
Nor hope, nor exit—hedg'd around with woes ?  
For, with my food, are join'd my mournful sighs ;  
Pour'd forth like billows are my ceaseless cries.  
Lo, on me, now, hath fall'n my secret dread,  
And all my fears have burst upon my head :  
No peace, no rest, no quiet did I know,  
As onward roll'd this deep, tumultuating woe.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Reply of Eliphaz to Job.

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HIS silence, now, the sage of Teman brake,  
And thus, to Job's complaint, reproving spake :

If, to address thee, we should now essay,  
Will our plain speech to thee offence convey ?  
But, who can hear thy words profanely bold,  
And, from responding, can his lips withhold ?  
Lo, is it THOU, who erst the many taught,  
Strength to the weak whose sage advice hath brought ?  
Whose words the stumbling have so oft upstay'd,  
And vigour fresh to trembling knees convey'd ?  
But now, thyself expos'd to grief's controul,  
Its first approach o'erwhelms thy fainting soul !  
Hath not thy fear been made thy secret stay ?  
Thy hope been founded on thy perfect way ?  
Bethink thee, who hath perish'd, save for sin ?  
And where, cut off, have e'er the righteous been ?

Who evil plough, and wickedness who sow,  
As I have seen, their harvest reap of woe :  
They perish by th' Almighty's blast of death,  
They fade before His anger's scorching breath ;  
Like the proud lion, though their roaring cry,  
Their voice, though like fierce lion's lifted high,  
Though like young lions, they their teeth display,  
Yet shall they be destroy'd !—For lack of prey,  
The mighty lion, lingering, shall 'die,  
And, of the lioness,<sup>11</sup> the whelps shall scatter'd lie !

Now, was a truth to me, in secret, brought,  
Faintly, mine ear its dim conception caught :—  
In slumbers deep, while wearied mortals rest,  
As flitting dreams my troubled thoughts oppress'd,  
Appalling fear and trembling o'er me came,  
And terror fierce convuls'd my shudd'ring frame !  
Then, lo ! before mine eyes [with fear aghast,]  
With noiseless pace and slow, a spirit pass'd !  
On my blanch'd flesh which shook with terror's throes,  
My hair, instinct with agony, arose.  
It paus'd ! it stood ! but 'mid wild horror's storm,  
My harrow'd gaze could not discern its form :  
Still, fix'd, it stood—that spectral sight of fear—  
And from the silence dread, these words rang on mine  
ear :—

Shall mortal Man before<sup>12</sup> his God be just ?  
 Pure, in his Maker's sight, a child of dust ?  
 Lo, in His servants, He no trust doth place,  
 Nor praise<sup>12</sup> ascribeth to th' Angelic race :  
 Much less to those, in tenements of earth  
 Who dwell ; who owe to dust alone their birth !  
 Crush'd as<sup>12</sup> the moth, and with a touch as light—  
 Broken and scatter'd e'en from morn to night—  
 And, unregarded, perishing from sight !  
 Doth not their every excellence decay ?—  
 Yea, wisdom not attaining, lo, they pass away !

CHAP. V. Send forth thy summons, now, and, to thy cry,  
 Shall one be found who will vouchsafe reply ?  
 Say, unto which of all the holy train  
 Wilt thou appeal, and hope thy cause to gain ?  
 For Wrath<sup>13</sup> doth make the foolish ones it prey,  
 And Indignation<sup>13</sup> doth the simple slay.  
 I've seen the foolish lift himself on high ;  
 But I presag'd<sup>14</sup> his sudden downfall nigh :  
 Remote from safety all his race appear,  
 Crush'd and oppress'd, and no deliv'rer near :  
 The famish'd seize his harvest for their prey,  
 And bear it, to the very<sup>15</sup> thorns, away ;  
 While sons of rapine on his home descend,

And, from his grasp, his total substance rend.

Since, from the dust, doth no affliction flow,  
Nor, to the ground, its source, doth trouble owe,  
Since Man is born to travail, grief and care,  
As are the bird-tribes<sup>16</sup> for the fields of air ;  
I, verily, would seek th' Almighty's face,  
And unto God would I commit my case ;  
Who doeth deeds unsearchable and high,  
With wonder fraught—which number's pow'r defy :  
Earth's face He gladdens with His genial rain,  
And poureth waters o'er th' expanded plain ;  
The lowly hearted He exalts on high,  
And lifts the mourner to prosperity ;  
Frustrates the projects of the sons of guile,  
Nor lets their hands fulfil the deep-laid wile ;  
The wise, in their own craftiness, He takes,  
And vain the counsels of intriguers makes ;  
They meet with darkness in the midst of light,  
And grope at noon-day as in shades of night ;  
While, from their mouths, He saves the poor oppress'd,  
And, from the mighty, rescues the distress'd :  
Hence, Hope, exulting, bids the poor rejoice,  
And baulk'd Iniquity restrains her baleful voice.—X  
Happy the man corrected by his God !

Hence, scorn not thou th' Almighty's chast'ning rod.  
For He but smites to bind the stricken soul,  
And, if He wound, His gracious hands make whole.  
In deep distress, will He command relief,  
No ill shall reach thee through abounding grief;  
He will, in dearth, His living aid afford,  
In war, protect thee from the wasting sword;  
From scourge of tongues, safe hidden shalt thou lie,  
Nor fear when Desolation draweth nigh;  
Yea, thou shalt smile at ruin and at dearth,  
Nor shalt thou dread the savage beasts of Earth:  
The rocky waste, with thee, in league shall join,  
And the wild-beasts in harmony combine:  
Within thy tent shall Peace her empire hold;  
Naught shalt thou miss, when visiting<sup>17</sup> thy fold<sup>17</sup>;  
A num'rous race from thee shall draw their birth,  
Thy seed shall flourish as the grass of Earth;  
Thou to the grave in full old age shalt come,  
As the ripe corn-shock at the harvest-home.—  
This, have we search'd out, and found it so;  
Attend, and this result, for thine own profit, know.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Rejoinder of Job to Eliphaz.

---

THEN Job made answer to his friend, and said ;—  
Oh that my grief impartially were weigh'd,  
And mine affliction in the balance laid !  
For ocean's sand is lighter than my woe,  
Hence do my words with vehemence<sup>18</sup> o'erflow :  
Th' Almighty's arrows rankle in my heart,  
And parch my spirit with their venom'd smart :  
The terrors of the LORD my soul dismay,  
And 'gainst me rise in dark and fierce array.

Doth the wild-ass 'mid plenteous pasture bray ?  
Or lows the ox beside the fragrant hay ?  
Can things insipid, without salt, invite ?  
Or is there savour in an egg's dull white ?  
Thus, nauseous things 'gainst which my soul inveigh'd,  
Now, in my grief, my loathsome food are made.

Oh, that I might obtain what I require !  
That God would grant me, now, my soul's desire !

That He would but resolve, and crush me quite,  
Stretch forth His hand, and cut me off outright !  
Then, then, at least, some comfort should I gain,—  
Yea, I would triumph<sup>19</sup> 'mid consuming pain,  
(Should He not spare,) that ne'er did I disown  
The words by Him, the Holy One, made known.  
What is my strength, that hope again should rise ?  
Or what mine end, my life that I should prize ?  
Doth my frail strength the strength of stones surpass ?  
Or is my flesh insensible as brass ?

Alas !<sup>20</sup> no help doth in myself abide,  
And every succour<sup>20</sup> is to me denied ! . .

On one bow'd down, his friends should pity take,  
But *mine*, the fear of God Himself forsake !  
Deceitful as the failing brook are they,  
As valley-streams<sup>21</sup> whose waters pass away ;  
Turbid with ice they roll with swelling flow,  
Their streams commingling with the wintry snow :  
But, at th' advance of summer they exhale,  
The sun's approach consumes them from the vale ;  
Their failing course in narrower streamlet glides,  
Till lost in vapour, all, at length, subsides.  
With anxious looks, lo, Tema's troops advance,  
And Sheba's caravans, with eager glance,

But shame, proportion'd to their hope, attends,  
And, on arrival, on their souls descends.  
Thus, even thus, are ye become to me,  
Ye fail me now in mine adversity.

Have I e'er said, To me a favour show?  
Or, From your stores, a gift on me bestow?  
Or, Save me from mine enemy's controul?  
Or, From oppressive pow'r defend my soul?  
Teach me, and silence shall my tongue restrain;  
Wherein I've err'd, to me but render plain.  
What pow'r and weight just arguments disclose!  
But what conviction from *your* censures flows?  
For censuring only, do ye words invent,  
And count as wind, Despair's sad argument?  
Truly, upon the helpless ye descend,  
And dig a pit-fall for a failing friend!  
I pray you, now, to scrutinize me well;  
For ye may know if falsehood in me dwell.  
Return, I pray—no trespass shall it be;  
Return—for still I hold my probity;  
Upon my tongue exists there what defect?  
Cannot *my* palate evil things detect?

CHAP. VII. DOth not a struggling warfare<sup>22</sup> mark the span,  
On this dark Earth, of sorrow-destin'd Man?

Are not his days, few as they are, and brief,  
Like days of hireling, pass'd in toil and grief ?  
As pants the bond-slave for the shade's repose,  
As longs the hireling for his labour's close,  
So yearns *my* soul for rest ! but, ah, I'm made  
Through tedious months of misery<sup>23</sup> to wade,  
And nights of weariness all darkly close  
O'er each sad day's unmitigated woes !  
When I lie down, despondingly I say,  
When shall I rise, and night be pass'd away !  
And restlessly I toss until the dawn of day.  
My flesh is cloth'd with worms, and clods of dust,  
My parch'd-up<sup>24</sup> skin exudes in loathsome crust ;  
Swift as the shuttle fly my mournful days,  
Uncheer'd by hope, my wretched life decays !  
Remember ! as a breath, my life is o'er !  
On earthly good, mine eye may gaze no more.  
He that hath seen my form, no more shall see ;  
Thine eyes are on me—and I cease to be.  
As clouds disperse, and vanish from the skies,  
So he ascends not, in the grave who lies ;  
No more to him shall ope his ready door,  
His now deserted home shall know him never more.  
Therefore, my lips no longer I'll restrain,

No more my spirit's anguish will retain,  
But will, in bitterness of soul, complain,  
Am I a monster?<sup>25</sup> or th' unruly Deep?  
That Thou, o'er me, a constant watch shouldst keep?  
Lo, when I say, My bed shall comfort me,  
My couch awhile shall soothe mine agony,  
Then, dreamy horrors Thou dost o'er me roll,  
And dost, with visions, terrify my soul.  
Hence, hence, my soul the darkest death would choose,  
And deem it gain this loathéd life to lose;  
No more would I prolong its agony—  
Cease, cease O LORD—my days are vanity!

O what is Man, that Thou shouldst so impart  
Honour to him, and on him set Thy heart?  
To him, each morn Thy visits shouldst renew,  
And with fresh trials every hour pursue?  
How long from me wilt Thou not turn aside?  
How long a moment's<sup>26</sup> respite be denied?  
Lo, I have sinn'd!—Heart-searching Deity,  
What expiation can I make to Thee?  
Why hast Thou set me as Thy butt, O LORD?  
A burden to myself—accurs'd, abhorr'd?  
Why my transgression dost Thou not forgive,  
Remove my guilt, and bid my spirit live?

Else, will the dust soon hide my misery,  
And Thou wilt seek me, but I shall not be !

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Reply of Bildad to Job.

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RESPONSIVE now spake Bildad, Shuah's seer ;  
How long wilt thou to speech like this adhere,  
And thy mouth's words as raging wind appear ?  
Doth the Omniscient in judgment err ?  
Or is th' All-just a partial Arbiter ?  
E'en though thy children have offenders prov'd,  
And their transgression have His vengeance mov'd,  
Yet, wouldst thou to the LORD for refuge fly,  
And lift thy suppliant voice to God most high,  
Surely if, now, in His heart-searching sight,  
Pure thou appear, unsinning, and upright,  
At once would He on thy behalf awake,  
And prosp'rous, soon, thy righteous dwelling make :

Small though, at first, thine outset might appear,  
Yet rich increase thy latter end should cheer.

For, now, inquire of each preceding age,  
And search th' experience of each ancient sage ;  
(For *we* know naught—of yesterday our birth,  
And like the shadow, are our days on Earth !)  
Shall *they* not teach ? shall *they* not truth impart ?  
And words like these address thee from their heart ?

“ Can, without mire, the rank papyrus grow ?  
Or bulrush flourish where no waters flow ?  
While yet 'tis green, and though no hand disturb,  
It fades, it withers, first of every herb.”

Such are the paths of all, from God, who stray,  
So of the hypocrite, the hopes decay ;  
Thus, the full spring-tide of his hope shall ebb,  
And his vain trust be like the spider's web :  
His web shall fail, howe'er he deem it sure,  
Fast though he hold it, it shall not endure.  
Verdant he seems, as vine before the sun,  
Whose spreading branches o'er the garden run,  
About some spring, whose winding roots extend,  
And, searching deep, its stony bed descend ;  
Yet, when destroy'd, and swept from off its place,  
This will exclaim, “ I ne'er beheld thy face !”

Such is its short-liv'd glory ! while the Earth,  
Where once it flourish'd, gives to others birth.

Ne'er will the Lord the upright man reject,  
Nor evil-doers with His aid protect.

E'en yet, will He thy mouth with laughter fill,  
Yea, joyous shouts thy lips shall utter still :  
All those who hate thee, shame shall cover o'er,  
And of th' unjust, the dwelling be no more.

## CHAPTER IX.

### Rejoinder of Job to Bildad.

---

FULL well I know it is so, Job replied,  
And how can Man with God be justified ?  
Be it His pleasure with him to contend,  
Can he one charge 'mid countless sins defend ?  
What<sup>27</sup> heart so wise—so vast what mortal might,  
HIM to resist,<sup>27</sup> and prosper in the fight?  
Who heaves th' unconscious mountains from their base,  
And hurls, indignant, from their ancient place ;  
Bids reeling Earth upon her centre shake,  
And makes her pillars tremulously quake ;  
Commands the sun—the sun forbears to rise—  
Seals up the stars, [and shrouds th' empyreal skies.]  
His hands, alone, th' ethereal arch constrain,  
His feet majestic tread the billowy main.  
Arcturus' glories by His mandate shine,  
Orion's train attests His arm divine ;  
His skill, the cluster'd Pleiades express,  
His pow'r, the chambers of the South confess.

His mighty acts beyond conception soar,  
His wondrous works no thought can number o'er.  
He goeth by me—but no trace doth leave—  
He passeth on—yet do I not perceive !  
Who can restrain Him when He takes away ?  
What doest Thou ? who, unto Him, shall say ?—  
If God will not His righteous wrath forego,  
The loftiest soul before Him must lie low.  
How, then, could I to Him an answer bring,  
Or choose out words of captious reasoning ?  
To whom, I would not, e'en though just, reply,  
But, to my Judge, with suppliant voice would cry.  
Yet,<sup>28</sup> if I call, will He an answer deign ?  
Ah no ! He will not hear—my voice I lift in vain !  
For, on me, still, His wrath's fierce tempest lies,  
And causeless, still my wounds He multiplies,  
Permits me not to draw my lab'ring breath,  
But fills me with the bitterness of death.  
If strength I rouse—how vast His pow'r sublime !  
Or turn to Justice, who shall fix a time ?  
For self-defence, should I, myself, prepare,  
Lo, mine own mouth my sentence would declare :  
Or, should uprightness be my boastful claim,  
My lips would prove me p'verse, to my shame.

Though I *were* just, I'd hide it from mine eyes,  
And mine own life, I would myself despise.

This single truth, then, do I still declare,  
That just and unjust like destruction share.  
With sudden ravage, if the scourge arise,  
He mocks the woes whereby the just it tries.  
The Earth, and all its evil unrestrain'd,  
Is to the hand of Wickedness ordain'd ;  
He covereth o'er her every Judge's face ;  
If not <sup>29</sup> to Him, to whom can we these evils trace ?

My days are swifter than the hast'ning post,—  
They glide away by grief alone engross'd ;  
Like skiffs, swift sailing on, they speed away,  
Or like the eagle darting on his prey.  
When I exclaim, I will forget my woe,  
Resume my spirits, and my grief forego,  
Then, all my sorrows fill me with dismay,  
For thou wilt not acquit, nor take my guilt away !  
Accounted wicked, since I must remain,  
Why should I plead ? why labour still in vain ?  
With purest water, if, myself I lave,  
And cleanse my hands amid the crystal wave,  
Shouldst Thou, then, plunge me in the miry pool,  
E'en my foul robes would me abhor, more foul.

For God is not of human mould, like me,  
That I should question His supreme decree,  
Or urge, with Him, in judgment, plea for plea ;  
Nor doth an Umpire betwixt us stand,  
On both to lay his mediating hand.  
Yet, let Him from me take His rod away,  
Nor, with His terrors, thus, my soul dismay,  
Then would I, fearless, speak before his face,—  
But, thus I cannot, in my present case.

CHAP. X. MY soul, it loathes this life's sad weariness !  
Unto <sup>30</sup> myself my plaint will I address,  
And will my bitterness of soul express.  
Condemn me not, to God, my cry shall be,  
But shew me wherefore Thou contend'st with me.  
Becomes it Thee to' oppress a child of Thine ?  
Shouldst Thou despise Thy workmanship divine,  
And on the council of the wicked shine ?  
Do eyes of fleshly mould belong to Thee ?  
And as Man seeth, dost Thou also see ?  
Are *Thy* days as the days of mortal Man ?  
Are *Thy* years crowded in *his* narrow span ?  
That Thou for mine iniquity shouldst seek,  
And inquisition for my sin shouldst make !  
I am not wicked—this is known to Thee—

Yet can no pow'r from thy strong hand set free.  
Thy hands, with care, did form me in the womb,  
With skill did frame me in Thy secret loom,  
And wilt thou, now, Thy handywork consume ?  
Remember, O unerring God, I pray,  
Thy plastic hands did mould, as yielding clay,  
This curious frame—and, shall Thy work be vain ?  
Wilt thou reduce it to the dust again ?  
Mine embryo substance, Thou, like milk, didst pour,  
And, then, condense it to the shape it bore,  
With skin and flesh didst clothe it, as it grew,  
And didst, by bones and sinews, strength endue :  
With life and favour Thou didst me endow,  
With care, my being hast preserv'd till now,  
Yet, laidst Thou up these bitter things in store—  
I know that these were purpos'd long before !  
Whene'er I err, my guilt Thou dost enrol,  
And from its sin wilt not absolve my soul.  
If I be wicked, woe be unto me !  
If just, I durst not raise my head to Thee.  
Confusion<sup>31</sup> fills me as my shudd'ring gaze  
Th' afflictive chast'ning of Thy hand surveys ;  
And, as these sorrows yet increasing roll,  
Like the fierce lion dost Thou hunt my soul ;

And, still, Thy wondrous power dost display  
In lofty triumph o'er Thy helpless prey.  
Thine awful trials which o'erwhelm'd before,  
Thou dost renew, and dost, increasing, pour  
Thy wrathful indignation on my soul,  
In varying woes, which, still, successive roll.

Why didst Thou bring me from th' unconscious  
womb?

Oh that, unseen, I there had found a tomb !  
Oh<sup>32</sup> that I ne'er had seen Life's hateful morn !  
Or, from the womb, had to the grave been borne !  
Will not my days of sorrow shortly cease ?  
Ah, leave me, then, this little while in peace !  
Before I go whence there is no return,  
E'en to the region of Death's shadowy bourne !  
That land of gloom where utter Night obtains—  
That land of deathshade where no order reigns—  
Whose light is darker than the gloom profound,  
When blackest midnight veils the Earth around !

## CHAPTER XI.

### Reply of Zophar to Job.

---

Now Zophar, Naama's sage, with anger mov'd,  
Indignant, thus, presumptuous Job reprov'd :

Shall one of many words, unanswer'd, chide ?  
Or shall vain, babbling lips be justified ?  
Shall men be silent at thy vaunting claim ?  
Shalt thou deride, and none expose thy shame ?  
For thou hast said, My conduct<sup>33</sup> is upright—  
And, I am pure in God's heart-searching sight.  
But, O, that God Himself would speak ! that He  
Would but vouchsafe to ope His lips 'gainst thee !  
Would Wisdom's secrets unto thee make known,  
The complicated<sup>34</sup> counsels<sup>34</sup> of His Throne !

Know, therefore this, that God's chastising strokes  
Reach not the measure which thy guilt provokes.  
Can thy vain search, to find out God, avail,  
That search collating with Perfection's scale ?  
'Tis high as heav'n ! what can thy pow'r effect ?  
Deeper than hell ! what can thy skill detect ?  
Its measure farther than the Earth extends—  
Its breadth, in vastness, Ocean's bounds transcends !

If He comes<sup>35</sup> on against thee, and enchain,  
And bring to judgment, who may Him restrain ?  
For He vain Man doth know—and can He see  
His flagrant evil, and unheedful be ?  
Let wisdom, then, his empty soul adorn,  
And<sup>36</sup> the wild ass's colt become a man re-born.

If, now, thou wilt thy restless heart prepare,  
And spread thy hands before thy God in pray'r,  
If thou, thy hands, from wickedness make clean,  
And let not evil in thy tents be seen ;  
Then, then shalt thou with radiant front appear,  
Thou shalt be steadfast and without a fear ;  
Thou shalt forget these woes which now o'ercast,  
Or but remember as a torrent past ;  
Then shall thine age, than noon, more brilliant rise,  
Thy gloom shall brighten like the orient skies ;  
Hope shall elate with confidence thy breast,  
And, where thou diggest, thou shalt safely rest ;  
Thou shalt repose, none making thee afraid,  
While many supplicate thy fav'ring aid.

But, of the wicked, shall the eyes decay—  
Refuge shall fail them on their devious 'way—  
Their expectation's miserable goal,  
The breathing forth of their despairing soul !

## CHAPTER XII.

### *Rejoinder of Job to Zophar.*

---

JOB heard—and hearing, now, with anger burn'd ;  
And thus, derisive, on his friends he turn'd :

Truly, ye are the people ! ye alone !  
And perfect<sup>27</sup> Wisdom claims you for her own !  
Yet I, as well as you, a mind possess—  
Myself, beneath you, I will ne'er confess—  
For who knows not such things as ye express ?  
As one<sup>28</sup> derided by his friend am I ;  
Who saith, “ He calls on God, let God reply ! ”—  
The just and upright man is held in contumely.  
He who<sup>29</sup> at ease, from every care exempt,  
Regards with proud, opprobrious contempt,  
The wretch, who, bow'd beneath Misfortune's load,  
May chance to trip in Sorrow's rugged road.

Peaceful abides the murd'rous robber's lair—  
Secure are they th' Almighty's wrath who dare—  
Into whose hands of evil God doth bring  
Abundant store of each desired thing.

But ask the beasts, and they will now declare—  
Yea, thou wilt learn it from the fowls of air—  
Or Earth will teach thee, her, if thou address,  
And Ocean's finny tribes the same confess ;  
For, 'mong them all, who doth not clearly know,  
That all these doings from Jehovah flow ;  
Within whose hand Creation is confin'd,  
And lives the spirit of all human kind ?

Doth not the ear all vocal utterance try,  
As food, the palate ? [or, as light, the eye ?]  
Wisdom should, surely, with the ancient dwell,  
And length of days in knowledge should excel.

Both Pow'r and Wisdom with the LORD remain—  
Knowledge and Counsel unto Him pertain.  
Lo, He o'erturns, and none can e'er restore—  
He shutteth up, and none can ope the door.  
He stays the waters—drought is on the plain :—  
He sends them forth—and Earth is chang'd <sup>as</sup> again.  
With him Perfection dwells, and Might resides—  
Both the misleader and misled He guides :

He leadeth counsellors away despoil'd,  
And maketh judges in their wisdom foil'd :  
He doth the regal pow'r of kings depose,  
And round their loins a captive girdle throws :  
Their ministers, He leadeth spoil'd away,  
And mighty ones o'erthroweth in the fray :  
From faithful lips their eloquence He takes,  
And void the prudence of the aged makes :  
Contempt upon the nobles He doth pour,  
And loose the girdle of the sons of war :  
Realms<sup>41</sup> He increases—and destroys again—  
Kingdoms enlarges—then, restricts their reign :  
By Him, Earth's chiefs of Prudence are beguil'd,  
And made to wander in a pathless wild ;  
They grope in darkness, and no light possess,  
He makes them reel like men in drunkenness :  
He searcheth out the hidden things of night,  
And brings forth death-shade to the gaze of light.

Behold,<sup>42</sup> all this, my heedful eye hath view'd,  
All this, mine ear hath heard and understood :  
Whate'er ye know, I claim like knowledge too,  
Nor deem myself inferior to you.

CHAP. XIII.    WOULD I might speak before th' Almighty's face !  
Oh, that with HIM I might debate my case !

But *ye* forge lies, [which wisdom's words *ye* call ;]  
Physicians base and worthless are *ye* all :  
Oh, that from speech *ye* wholly would forbear,  
For silence, best, your wisdom would declare.

And, now, do *ye*, I pray, my reasoning hear,  
And to the pleadings of *my* lips give ear.  
Will *ye*, for God, to words unjust resort,  
And speak deceitfully in *His* support ?  
Will *ye* accept *His* person to defend ?  
Will *ye*, unrighteously, for God contend ?  
Will it be good should He your craft disclose ?  
For, as on Man, would *ye* on *Him* impose ?  
Severely will the Lord your guilt chastise,  
If persons *ye* accept in covert guise.  
Doth not His Majesty your hearts appal ?  
Doth not His dread upon your spirits fall ?

Your sapient<sup>43</sup> maxims, ashes, do I deem—  
Your threat'ning bulwarks,<sup>43</sup> as of clay, esteem.  
Disturb me not—refrain from words, I pray—  
And I will speak, befall my soul what may !  
Befall<sup>44</sup> what may, determin'd I'll endure,  
And risk my life, [mine object to secure :]  
Though he should slay me, on Him I'll depend,  
But, still, my ways, before Him, will defend :

Yea, my salvation shall from this<sup>46</sup> proceed,  
For, thus, the impious would not dare to plead.  
List with attention to my speech sincere,  
And let your ears my declaration hear :  
My cause I've order'd—[let Him now decide !]  
For well I know I shall be justified.  
Who, who, by pleading may my guilt proclaim ?—  
Then would I cease, and hide, in death, my shame.  
Let two things only, Lord for me be done ;  
Then will I not Thy presence seek to shun :  
From me withdraw Thine awful hand's controul—  
And let Thy dread no more confound my soul—  
Then, will I answer—me, if *Thou* arraign ;  
Or, let *me* plead,—and *Thou*, to answer, deign.

What sins, what crimes, 'gainst me, accusing rise ?  
Make known the guilt which 'gainst me testifies.  
Why hidest Thou Thy face from me ? And why  
Dost Thou account me as Thine enemy ?  
The driven leaf, wilt Thou with vengeance view ?  
Or, the dry stubble, shall Thy wrath pursue ?  
For, bitter things against me dost Thou write,  
My youth's transgressions dost anew indite ;  
My shackled feet, a clog Thou fast'nest o'er,  
My path dost watch, and all my steps explore ;

While, as a rotten thing, I fade away,  
Or, as a garment, moth-consum'd, decay !

P. XIV. MAN, that is born of woman, here below,  
Few are his days, and full of care and woe !  
Like flow'r he springs—like flow'r cut down, he dies !  
He makes no stay, but as the shadow flies !  
And wilt Thou cast Thine eyes on such as he,  
And, such an one, in judgment bring with Thee ?  
Who can make purity from filth proceed ?  
Not one :—Since, then, Man's days are all decreed,  
Since all his months Thou dost before Thee class,  
And Thou hast fix'd the bound he cannot pass,  
Turn Thou from him, that rest in peace he may,  
Till, like a hireling, he fulfil his day.

As to a tree, the hope doth still remain  
That, if cut down, it may shoot forth again,  
And its young branch from budding not refrain ;  
Though, in the earth, its root, from age, grow dry,  
And though its stock above the ground may die,  
Yet will the breath of moisture make it bloom,  
And all the vigour of its youth resume.  
But Man—he dies, and hast'neth to decay !  
He dies !—and whither wings his soul her way !  
As, from the lake, the less'ning waters fail,

As rushing floods diminish and exhale,  
So Man—he lieth down, no more to rise,  
Nor wake from sleep, nor ope his death-seal'd eyes,  
Till, in their courses fail the circling skies.

Oh, that in Hades Thou wouldst bind me fast!  
Wouldst hide me there, until Thy wrath be past!  
Wouldst fix a time, and think upon my pain!—  
Yet, if one die, shall he revive again?—  
Let me, then, wait my number'd years of grief,  
Until the time approach for my relief;  
Then, to Thy call, an answer I'll return,  
And Thou, unto the work of Thine own hands wilt yearn.  
But now, behold, my steps Thou numb'rest o'er;  
And dost Thou not mine every sin explore?  
Thou, mine iniquities dost amplify<sup>46</sup>  
And my transgressions, lay'st securely by!

Truly, the falling mountain doth decay,  
And, from its site, the rock is mov'd away;  
The flinty stones are by the waters worn,—  
The face of Earth by rushing floods upturn;—  
And, thus, Thou mak'st the hope of Man to fail—  
Against him, alway, doth Thy pow'r prevail!  
And he departeth!—On his cheek, decay,  
Thou dost imprint, and sendest him away!

If honor's<sup>47</sup> banner o'er his children wave,  
No joy affects him, in the silent grave !  
If stern oppression mark them for her own,  
He heeds it not—unknowing, and unknown !  
There, where dissolves his now dishonor'd form,  
The livid victim of the loathsome worm,  
From the dark hour, when, by relentless death,  
Chas'd from its ruin'd mansion, fled his vital breath !—

END OF PART II.

## Part iii.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### Second Reply of Eliphaz.

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THEN Eliphaz the Temanite, again,  
To Job retorted in responsive strain :  
Should empty words from Wisdom's lips distil ?  
Or sage, his bosom, with the east-wind fill ?  
Reasoning with talk, no profit which can bring ?  
And futile speeches whence no good can spring ?  
Truly, thou dost all rev'rence render vain,  
And supplication before God restrain !  
For thine own mouth doth thy perverseness tell,  
As doth thy tongue in craftiness excel ;  
Thine own mouth proves thee guilty, and not I ;  
And thine own lips against thee testify.

Say, wert thou born, of humankind, the first,  
Or ere the mountains into being burst ?

Hath God's deep counsel been to thee made plain,  
And dost thou Wisdom to thyself restrain ?  
What Knowledge hast thou which *we* cannot show ?  
What understandest, that *we* do not know ?  
With us, the hoary head and aged dwell,  
Whose days the life-time of thy sire excel.

Is, then, the voice of God's consoling word,  
By thee unpriz'd, unheeded, and unheard ?  
And doth a gentle<sup>48</sup> and benign address,  
No pow'r to influence thy heart possess ?  
Why doth thy heart so hurry thee away ?  
What wink thine eyes at, that thou dost array  
Thy spirit 'gainst the LORD, and dost outpour  
Such speeches from thy mouth His awful face before ?  
Can purity, a wretch like man, adorn ?  
Or righteousness be found with woman-born ?  
God in His holy ones no trust doth place—  
The heav'ns appear not pure before his face !  
How much less Man—polluted, and accurs'd,  
Who drinks up evil with insatiate thirst !

Now, will I shew, and do thou mark me well—  
What I have witness'd I will also tell—  
That which the wise have told, and not conceal'd,  
And what their fathers unto them reveal'd ;

To whom alone was given the promis'd land,  
And when among them pass'd no hostile band.

The wicked's days are spent in gloomy fears—  
Nor can th' oppressor count on length of years :  
A dreadful sound within his ears doth ring—  
Yet, when expected least, the foe shall on him spring !  
No hope hath he from gloom to be restor'd,  
But dwells in terror of the ambush'd sword.  
For bread, he flies abroad—but, where is bread ?—  
He knows a day of doom is louring o'er his head !  
Distress and anguish fill him with dismay,  
And 'gainst him rise in terrible array,  
Like monarch going forth to conquer in the fray.  
For he stretch'd out his hand against his God,  
He bade defiance to th' Almighty's rod ;  
He rush'd on Him with neck that scorn'd to yield,  
On the thick bosses of His awful shield !  
Although <sup>49</sup> his face, with fat envelop'd, shone,  
And the flesh heav'd beneath his swelling zone,  
Although <sup>50</sup> he dwelt in mansions, once possess'd,  
Amid the cities which his crimes oppress'd  
Cities, now ruin'd, tenantless, and waste,  
Doom'd to the shapeless heaps to which they haste,  
Prosp'rous he ne'er shall be :—his pow'r shall cease,

Nor shall his substance on the Earth increase.  
Never shall he depart from darkest gloom ;  
A flame his spreading branches shall consume ;  
The blast of God shall hurl them to their doom.  
Let him, deceiv'd, not trust in vanity,  
For vanity his recompense shall be.  
E'er he <sup>51</sup> depart, this shall be surely seen,  
Nor shall his branch continue ever green.  
He, as the vine, shall shed his grape, yet sour,  
And as the olive, cast his blighted flow'r.  
For, desolate and waste shall ever be  
The habitations<sup>52</sup> of Impiety,  
And flames consume the tents of Bribery.  
Mischief do they conceive, and evil bear,  
And, still, deception, doth their heart prepare.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### Job's Second Rejoinder to Eliphaz.

---

THEN Job resum'd ;—Mine ear hath often heard  
The futile arguments by you preferr'd :  
Wretched, indeed, the comfort which ye bring !  
End, therefore, now, your empty reasoning.  
What urgeth you to your unask'd replies ?—  
I, too, could speak like you—I could devise  
'Gainst *you* long speeches, and could shake my head  
Most sagely, were your soul in *my* soul's stead !  
But *I* would strengthen, with my mouth, your heart ;  
The moving of my lips sweet comfort should impart.  
Yet, when I speak, no solace soothes *my* grief !  
Or, if I cease, what gain I of relief ?  
Ah, surely, now, Thou hast outwearied me,  
And desolate made all my company !  
My wrinkled brow is witness to my woe,  
My wither'd form, mine agony doth show.

His' raging anger tears my riven soul,  
His fierce oppression knoweth no controul ;  
With gnashing teeth, my foe upon me flies,  
And darteth on me His vindictive eyes !

With jaws distended, gape my cruel foes,  
[Like rav'nous beasts which round their victim close ;]  
In foul reproach, my faded cheek they smite ;  
With one consent, against me they unite.  
God hath consign'd me to the sons of ill,  
And turn'd me over to the wicked's will.

I was at ease—with sudden, fearful shock,  
He seiz'd my neck ! He dash'd me on the rock !  
Then, set me up, His butt ! With cruel art,  
His archers round me ply the venom'd dart !—  
My reins He pierc'd—my reeking gall He tore,  
With ruthless hand, and on the ground did pour ;  
With breach on breach, He storm'd me with dismay,  
And on me rush'd, like warrior on his prey !—

Upon my skin, rough sackcloth have I sewn,  
And o'er my head defiling dust have strewn ;  
My face is swell'n with weeping—and, o'erspread  
Upon mine eyelids, rests Death's gloomy shade :  
Yet, not for violence my hands have wrought !  
Pure, too, the pray'r wherewith Thy face I sought.

O Earth ! conceal no blood these hands have spilt !  
Afford no shelter to my secret guilt !  
And, now, behold, my record's in the sky,  
And God, my Witness, dwells enthron'd on high !  
My friends deride me—but, with silent flow,  
Mine eye, to God, reveals my bitter woe.  
Oh,<sup>53</sup> that with God, my case might argued be,  
As, to his fellow, Man sets forth his plea !  
E'en<sup>54</sup> now, my years their destin'd end attain,  
I go the way whence none return again ;  
My breath is spent<sup>55</sup>—extinct are all my days—  
The grave, alone, appears before my dying gaze !

CHAP. VII. ARE not those here whose taunts my soul repel ?

Doth not mine eye on their reproaches dwell ?  
Appoint my surety, LORD, I pray with *Thee* !  
Say,<sup>56</sup> who is he that shall strike hands with me ?  
To *these*,<sup>57</sup> such honor Thou wilt not impart,  
From understanding, since thou'st hid their heart.  
He who, by flattery, doth friends betray,  
E'en of his children, shall the eyes decay.  
A public bye-word God hath render'd me—  
An<sup>58</sup> object of contemptuous obloquy ;  
Hence, Sorrow's gloom my weeping eye bedims,  
And, as a shadow, are my wither'd limbs.

This, by the just, shall be, with wonder, heard,  
And 'gainst the impious, will their soul be stirr'd :  
Yet, shall the righteous still hold on his way,  
And growing strength the pure of hands array.  
But as for *you*, depart, now, and return,  
For not one wise 'mong *you* can I discern.

My days are o'er ! The purposes which buoy'd  
And fill'd my heart are broken and destroy'd ;  
Night,<sup>59</sup> unto me, appointed is for day—  
The shadows darken on its dying ray !  
Henceforth I count<sup>60</sup> my dwelling-place the tomb,  
And make my bed within its dismal gloom :  
Corruption, as my father, I esteem,  
The worm, my mother and my sister deem.  
Whence, then, can Hope again arise for me ?—  
*My* hope, indeed ! ah, who shall ever see ?  
The lonely pit, its promise, shall inhume,  
And we, together, in the dust consume !

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Second Reply of Bildad.

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THE Shuhite Bildad thus again replies :  
How long wilt thou, ensnaring<sup>61</sup> words, devise ?  
Give heed, and we will speak :—Say, why are we  
Esteem'd as beasts, and view'd as vile by thee ?  
O<sup>62</sup> thou, whose anger's turbulent controul  
Doth vex and lacerate thy restless soul,  
Shall Earth be desolate for fear of thee ?—  
Because<sup>63</sup> thou ragest, shall the mountains flee ?

Surely, put out *shall* be the wicked's light ;  
Ne'er shall his fire in joyous flame grow bright ;  
Dark, in his dwelling, shall his light become—  
His lamp, above<sup>64</sup> him, quench'd in hopeless gloom !  
Straiten'd shall be the footsteps of his strength,  
And his own counsel cast him down, at length :  
Him, his own feet shall 'mid the net o'erthrow,  
As on the snare he walketh to and fro :  
Him, by the heel, the hidden gin shall seize,  
Th' entangling noose<sup>65</sup> arrest him as he flees ;

For, latent lies its cordage in the field,  
And, in his pathway are its snares conceal'd.

Surrounding terrors shall his soul affright,  
And, as behind<sup>66</sup> him, urge his headlong flight :  
His strength shall pine away,—and, at his side,  
Prepar'd to seize, Destruction shall abide ;  
It shall consume his frame's fast-fading pow'r ;  
Death's elder-born his vigour shall devour,  
Root from his tent his confidence, and bring  
His tortur'd soul to Terror's gloomy King.  
Dismay<sup>67</sup> shall haunt his desolate abode,  
And o'er his dwelling sulph'rous flakes be strow'd.  
His roots, beneath, consuming drought shall prove,  
Cut off, and wither'd, be his branch above.  
His memory, from Earth shall pass away,  
From his own street, his very name decay.  
From light to darkness, shall his soul be hurl'd,  
And chas'd from out the habitable world ;  
Leaving nor son nor nephew 'mong his race,  
Nor tenant 'mid his lonely dwelling-place !  
Posterity shall shudder at his tale,  
As those who knew him turn'd, with horror, pale !  
Such, surely such, the wicked man's abode—  
Yea, such the place of him who knows not God.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### *Job's Second Rejoinder to Bildad.*

---

THEN answer'd Job :—How long will ye distress,  
And crush my soul with noisy wordiness ?  
Ten times hath keen reproach employ'd your tongue—  
Yet blush<sup>68</sup> ye not at this oppressive wrong !  
Be it that evil doth my conduct stain—  
Doth not mine error with myself remain ?  
Truly, if<sup>69</sup> thus, combining, ye assault,  
Then, prove against me mine imputed fault.  
Know now, that God hath cast me down, and set  
My prison'd feet in His encircling net.—  
Lo, I cry out of wrong—but am not heard—  
For help implore—but judgment is deferr'd.  
My fencéd way, impervious hath He made,  
And scatter'd darkness o'er the path I tread.  
He hath depriv'd me of my just renown,  
And from my head remov'd mine honor's crown ;

Destroy'd me utterly, and I am gone—  
And, like a tree, my wither'd hope o'erthrown.—  
Against me, fierce, His kindled anger glows,  
And He accounts me as among His foes.  
His troops, in mass, assail—they raise a mound,  
Their way before, and camp, my tent around.  
He hath remov'd my brethren far away ;  
My friends, estrang'd, at equal distance stay.  
My kinsmen—neighbours—from me keep aloof,  
And even they who dwell beneath my roof.  
Me, as a stranger, do my maids esteem,  
Yea, as an alien, in their eyes I seem.  
My servant, summon'd, deigneth no reply,  
E'en though I press him with entreating cry.  
Loathsome, my breath, e'en to my wife, appears,  
And<sup>70</sup> mine entreaties, to my brethren's ears.  
Yea, even little children now despise,  
And rail against me oft as I arise.  
Mine own familiar friends, abhorring, spurn,  
And all I love, alike, against me turn.  
Cleaves to my fleshless skin, the starting bone,  
Within<sup>71</sup> my frame scarce ling'reth life alone !  
Pity me, pity me, oh ye my friends !  
For, o'er me, God's consuming hand extends :

Why, why, like Him, do ye, too, rend and tear,  
As if insatiate with the woes I bear ?

Oh that<sup>72</sup> some hand would now my words enrol !  
Oh, were they e'en imprinted on a scroll !  
Were trac'd with steel upon the leaden block,  
Or deeply graven in the living rock !  
So would I publish what my soul receives,  
The sure belief that my Redeemer lives :  
And He, on Earth, when circling years complete  
Their destin'd course, shall plant His conqu'ring feet.  
This, too, I know,—Though wasting Sin and Shame  
Entail destruction on this mortal frame,  
Yet, in my flesh, rebuilt in heav'nly mould,  
These eyes, hereafter, shall my God behold ;  
Whom I shall view with triumph on my side,  
No stranger then, though now, His face He hide ;  
My soul doth languish in my longing breast,  
For that glad Day of endless Peace and Rest !—

Now, if ye say, “ How shall we persecute ? ”  
And, 'gainst me, charge of evil still impute ;  
Then fear, O fear keen Retribution's strokes !  
For wrath the vengeance of the sword provokes ;  
To teach to Man, [though God may suffer long,]  
That final judgment waits on every wrong.

## CHAPTER XX.

### Second Reply of Zophar.

---

ONCE more resum'd th' impassion'd Naamathite :  
Surely, my thoughts the swift reply excite,  
And haste is on me—for the taunting<sup>73</sup> word  
Of bitter contumely, mine ears have heard :  
The spirit of mine understanding burns  
Within me, and the meet response returns.

Know'st thou not this, from Time's primeval birth,  
When Man was first located on the Earth,  
How brief the triumph of th' ungodly man !  
The joy of th' impious, a moment's span !  
Although his pride<sup>74</sup> the lofty heav'ns ascend,  
His head, exalted, to the clouds extend,  
As dung, for ever, shall he pass away,  
While, " Where is he ? " shall men, inquiring, say.  
Flown as a dream, he shall be found no more—  
Chas'd as a vision when the night is o'er !  
The eye that saw, shall seek him, hence, in vain,  
His native place shall view him ne'er again.

The poor, he injur'd, shall his sons redress,<sup>76</sup>  
And thus, his hands repair his wickedness :<sup>76</sup>  
His youthful vices shall his bones imbue,  
And to the dust, his fading frame pursue.

Within his mouth, though wickedness be sweet,  
And 'neath his tongue lie its conceal'd retreat,  
Though he may cherish it, and not refrain,  
And still upon his palate may retain,  
Yet, in his stomach, shall its venom burn,  
To gall of asps, his food within him turn.  
His gorgéd wealth shall he retain no more,—  
God, from his breast, shall tear the guilty store ;  
Instead whereof, shall aspic poison fill  
His soul,—the vipers' tongue his livid carcase kill.

No more shall he behold the river's pride,  
Nor flowing brooks which feed its swelling tide,  
Nor vales, wherein the honied comb distils,  
And milk, effusive, pours its unctuous rills.  
The fruit of all his toil shall be restor'd,  
Nor shall he swallow down the ill-acquiréd hoard.  
As was the wrong, the recompense shall be,  
Nor shall he triumph in his infamy.  
Because he crush'd the wretched, and forsook,  
And domes he builded not, by umbrage took,

No inward peace his guilty soul shall know,  
Of his desired things, each one shall he forego.  
Naught,<sup>77</sup> e'en for mere subsistence shall remain,  
And future good, he shall expect in vain.  
His guilt,<sup>78</sup> shall register, the conscious skies,  
And Earth itself, in witness 'gainst him rise,  
The substance of his house shall roll away,  
As turbid floods, in Wrath's tremendous day.  
'Mid teeming plenty, shall arise distress,  
And every miscreant lift his hand to' oppress.

Keen hunger's pangs, whene'er he would controul  
The fury of God's wrath shall on him roll,  
And, while he eateth, sink into his soul.  
If he should flee the iron weapon's sight,  
The bow of brass shall overtake his flight :  
Lo ! it is drawn—the glitt'ring arrow speeds !  
His body pierces—from his gall proceeds !  
He goes—and Terror haunts him as he flees—  
All darkness<sup>79</sup> hidden in God's treasures !  
A fire unblown consumes his inward reins !  
And ruin seizeth all that in his tent remains !

Such, of the wicked, is th' apportion'd meed,  
And such the heritage by God decreed.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Job's Second Rejoinder to Zophar.

---

THEN, answered Job :—Give heed unto my word—  
Deign ye, at least, this solace to afford.  
Bear with me now, while yet I speak once more,  
Though, when I cease, ye mock me as before.

Lo, as to me, to *Man* is my complaint ?  
If so, what marvel if my spirit faint ?  
Survey, amaz'd, my miserable state !  
[On woes so vast,] in silence meditate !  
Dismay attends the view which memory takes,  
And all my flesh with inward terror quakes !

Why reach the wicked, Life's extremest end,  
Their pow'r increasing, as their days extend ?  
Before their face, their seed establish'd rise,  
Their offspring's weal delights their gladden'd eyes.

No gloomy fear, their peaceful home, molests,  
No rod of God upon their substance rests ;  
Gend'reth their bull, in faultless vigour strong,  
Calveth their cow, and casteth not her young.  
Flock-like, their little ones their steps precede,  
And gambol round them on the flowery mead :  
They bid the timbrel and the lyre resound,  
And move, rejoicing, to the pipe's gay sound :  
In mirth, they pass through Life's unclouded day,  
And sink to Hades by a soft decay.—

Hence, unto God, " Depart from us !" they cry,  
" Thy ways we seek not—Thy commands defy :  
Who is th' Almighty, Him that we obey ?  
Or, what the profit, if to Him we pray ?"  
Yet, lo, *His* hand doth bless them—not their own !—  
To thee, my soul, ne'er be their counsel known !

How oft doth darkness quench the wicked's light ?  
Or doth destruction their offence requite ?  
Or woes descend on them with wrathful blight ?  
How oft, as chaff before the wind, are they ?  
Or stubble which the tempest whirls away ?

God, for the sinner's *seed*, his guilt reserves :—  
But *he* should know the doom his sin deserves ;  
*His own* destruction, *he himself* should bear,

And drink the cup of wrath his own dark crimes prepare.  
For, what reck's he, befall his house what may,  
When his own months from Time have pass'd away ?

Shall any, then, th' Omniscient seek to teach,  
Whose judgments to Heav'n's loftiest myst'ries reach ?—  
Lo, in his perfect strength, doth one depart,  
Peace in his soul, and quiet in his heart ;  
With fat distended, heaves his swelling zone,  
And unctuous marrow moistens every bone.  
Another dies in bitterness of soul,  
Who never quaff'd from Pleasure's gladd'ning bowl ;  
Yet do they both in kindred dust repose,  
And the devouring worm naught of distinction knows.

Behold, I know your thoughts—I know ye frame  
The base device to blast my righteous fame ;  
For, “ where,” say ye, “ endures the tyrant's den ?  
And, where, the dwellings of ungodly men ?”

To those who roam, have ye, then, ne'er referr'd ?  
Nor the result of *their* experience heard ?  
That<sup>60</sup> th' evil is preserv'd in trouble's day,  
And in the time of wrath is safely led away.

Who, to his face, his conduct will declare ?  
Or, as he merits, to repay will dare ?  
So to the grave,<sup>81</sup> in pomp, doth he return,

And mourners watch beside his honor'd urn.  
Lightly, the vale's soft sods are on him laid :—  
Thus, each, in turn, is to the tomb convey'd,  
As myriads have, before him, sought its gloomy shade.

How seek ye, then, to comfort me with lies ?  
For falsehood lurketh in your vain replies.

END OF PART III.

## Part ib.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### Third Reply of Eliphaz.

---

CAN Man, the Temanite again replies,  
E'er profit God, as may, himself, the wise ?  
Doth thine uprightness joy to Him convey ?  
Or gains He aught, though perfect be thy way ?  
Though fear of thee, will he consent to plead ?<sup>s2</sup>  
With such as thou, to judgment's bar proceed ?  
Is not thy guilt enormous in His sight ?  
Are thine iniquities not infinite ?

The pledge unjust, from kindred didst thou wrest,  
And strip the clothing from the poor<sup>s3</sup> distress'd ;  
Thou to the weary, hast no drink supplied,  
And to the hungry, hast thy bread denied ;  
While, of the land, the pow'ful took their share,  
And whom thou<sup>s4</sup> fav'redest dwelt securely there.  
Thou'st sent the widow destitute away,  
And of the orphan, hast consum'd the stay.

Hence, are these snares thy tangled feet around,  
And sudden terror doth thy soul confound ;  
Hence, darkness veils thee that thou canst not see,  
And the deep flood o'er thee rolls angrily.

Dwells not the LORD in Heav'n's sublime domain ?  
Regard the height of yonder starry train !—  
Hence, thou dost say, " What cognizance takes He ?  
Can God discern through dim obscurity ?  
Thick clouds surround Him, and enshroud His face,  
He walketh only through encircling Space."

Thou<sup>86</sup> dost, indeed, the early course maintain,  
Pursued by men ungodly and profane,  
On whom destruction premature devolv'd,  
And whose foundation, the dark flood dissolv'd :  
E'en they, to God, " Depart from us !" who said,  
" To us, what profits the Almighty's aid ?"  
Yet he, their dwellings with all blessings stor'd ;  
(Far be from me the wicked's ways abhorr'd ;)  
The Righteous saw, with solemn joy elate ;  
The guiltless triumph'd o'er their condign fate.—  
Truly,<sup>86</sup> was not destroy'd *their* haughty pow'r ?  
And did not Wrath *their* excellence devour ?

Commune<sup>87</sup> with God, now !—so shall peace ensue—  
Thereby shall blessing unto thee accrue :

From His own mouth receive the Law divine,  
And, in thy heart, His holy words enshrine.  
If thou return to thine Almighty God,  
Thou shalt rebuild thy desolate abode,  
Put from thy tents iniquity away,  
And precious ore shalt, then, as dust, uplay,  
And Ophir-gold, as stones along the torrent's way.  
Yea God Himself thy Mine<sup>88</sup> of wealth shall be,  
Treasures<sup>88</sup> of gold and silver unto thee.

Then, in the LORD, shalt thou thy soul delight,  
And lift to God thy face, [with gladness bright :]  
Thou, unto Him, with suppliant voice, shalt pray,  
Thee shall he hear—and thou thy vows shalt pay.  
Confirm'd shall be whate'er thou mayst design,  
And on thy path, shall light celestial shine.  
Though men<sup>89</sup> depress, exalted shalt thou rise,  
For God will save the man of lowly eyes ;  
Yea, He will snatch the<sup>90</sup> guilty from the grave,  
And, by the pureness of thy hands, will save.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### *Job's Third Rejoinder to Eliphaz.*

---

THEN Job replied:—Though deep my plaint appear,  
My groans are lighter than His hand severe.  
Oh, that I knew where I might find Him now !  
At His tribunal would I humbly bow ;  
My cause before Him would I represent,  
And fill my mouth with suasive argument.  
Then should I know the answer of my God,  
And understand the language of His rod.  
'Gainst me, would He His mighty pow'r enlist ?—  
Rather His strength my weakness would assist.  
His cause, the righteous might before Him bring,  
And find acquittal from His heav'nly King.

Lo, I advance !—He is not there !—I turn  
Backward—yet can no trace of Him discern !  
The left, (Himself unseen,) His pow'r displays,  
Hid, on the right, He still eludes my gaze !

Yet, knoweth He my path—and, by Him tried,  
I shall come forth, than gold more purified.  
My feet have steadfastly pursued His track,—  
His way I've kept, and have not turned back,—  
From His commandments ne'er did I depart,  
But treasur'd up His precepts in my heart.  
But, One in counsel, who can change His mind?—  
Still He effects whate'er He hath design'd ;  
The thing allotted me, will He fulfil ;  
And many such, the counsels of His will.

Hence, at His presence, doth my spirit fail,  
And fear and dread my pond'ring mind assail.  
God makes my heart, within me, melt away ;  
Th' Almighty overwhelms me with dismay.  
Yet,<sup>91</sup> unto me, is darkness still denied,  
And the thick darkness from me he doth hide ;

CHAP. XXIV. O,<sup>92</sup> wherefore, by th' All-pow'rful, are not times  
Of wrath laid up, to meet the wicked's crimes ?  
And why do they, who know His righteous ways,  
Not see the doom of those avenging days ?

For, men there are who land-marks steal away,  
Or seize a flock by force, their lawless prey ;  
The orphan's ass, their guilty prize they make,  
Or, for a pledge, the widow's ox they take ;

The needy, from the way, they turn aside,  
And force the wretched poor, themselves, apart, to hide.

Lo, as wild-asses of the desert breed,  
Others go forth, on dark, unhallow'd deed ;  
Rising betimes, they swoop upon their prey,  
And, for their children, bear their desert-spoil away ;  
The ripening grain they plunder in the fields,  
And rob the produce which the vineyard yields.

Some force the naked, shivering, to lie  
Expos'd, and cowering 'neath th' inclement sky ;  
(By mountain show'rs drench'd, the rock's bleak face,  
For want of shelter, trembling they embrace ;)  
Or tear the helpless orphan from the breast,  
And pledge the garment of the poor distress'd ;  
Causing them, thus, in nakedness to roam ;—  
While they with hunger faint, their sheaves, who carry<sup>93</sup>  
home ;

And, in their walls, who press the amber oil,  
And tread the vine-vat, droop beneath their thirsty toil.

From out the city, groans forth misery !  
Thence, the soul-wounded utter forth their cry ;  
Yet, on the evil, turns<sup>94</sup> not God His eye !  
There, are the wretches from the light who hide,  
Know not its ways, nor in its paths abide.

The murd'rer riseth with the dawning day,

The poor and needy, stealthily to slay,  
And, as a thief, hunts, through the night, his prey.

Waiteth the vile adulterer's lustful eye,  
Till twilight shadows darken o'er the sky;  
No eye, saith he, shall see me ! thus, secure,  
With face disguis'd, he goeth to the lure.

By night, some into houses break their way,  
But seal<sup>95</sup> themselves up from the face of day ;  
The light they know not—for, the morn's glad beam,  
Doth, to their gaze,<sup>96</sup> as death-shade's terrors seem.

As scum<sup>97</sup> upon the waters, such should flee—  
Their lot, accurs'd in the land should be—  
No treading<sup>98</sup> of the vineyards should they see !  
As the snow-floods by drought and heat decay,  
On godless sinners, thus, should Hades prey :  
The womb that bare them should no longer heed,  
The loathsome worm should on them sweetly feed ;  
No more, on Earth, remember'd should they be :  
And thus, should wickedness be broken as a tree.

For, such are they the barren who devour,  
And crush the widow with oppressive pow'r ;  
Who, by their influence, drag the mighty low,  
Till men abandon hope, as they, in puissance, grow.

Safety to such, (on which they rest,) is given !

Though God still notes them from His holy heaven :  
Exalted, for a season, they appear,  
Then, ends for ever, their profane career !  
Cut off, as ears of corn—in death laid low—  
Down to the darksome tomb, like other men, they go !  
If not so, who mine error will dispute ?  
Or who, by proof, mine argument refute ?

## CHAPTER XXV.

### Third Reply of Bildad.

---

THE Shuhite Bildad answer'd thus again : —  
Lo ! Terror, with Him, and Dominion reign !  
In His high places, Peace doth He ordain,—  
Who can a limit to His hosts assign ?  
On whom ariseth not His light divine ?  
How, then, can Man, God's scrutiny endure ?  
Or how can can one of woman born, be pure ?  
The Moon, itself, before His glance is dim !  
The Stars possess no purity with Him !  
How much less Man ! with dust who doth abide—  
The son of Adam, to the worm allied !

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### Job's Third Rejoinder to Bildad.

---

WITH keen retort, then answered Job, and said :  
How, to the pow'rless, hast thou given aid ?  
Or, how, the arm devoid of strength, upstaid ?  
To Ignorance, how hast thou counsel shown,  
And, much instruction, how hast thou made known ?  
To whom dost thou thy vain remarks address ?  
What inspiration do thy lips possess ?—

Beneath<sup>99</sup> the teeming waters' gloomy bed,  
Tremble th' imprison'd spirits of the Dead !  
Hell lies reveal'd before His eye's keen light !  
Destruction stands uncover'd in His sight !  
O'er empty space, His hand, the North, extends,  
And, upon naught, the pond'rous globe suspends ;  
Binds up His waters 'mid the rolling cloud,  
Unrent, beneath them, that aërial shroud ;  
Of His bright Throne\*, He hides the face serene,  
And o'er it draws His cloud's obstructive skreen.

\* i. e., the sky.

On Ocean's<sup>100</sup> face hath He describ'd a bound,  
While light and darkness run their destin'd round.  
Quake, at his voice, the pillars of the sky,  
Confus'd, they bow at his rebuking eye.  
His pow'r supreme, the raging waves confess,  
His skill triumphant doth their pride<sup>101</sup> repress.  
Garnish'd by Him, the stellar dome beams forth ;  
His hand hath form'd the Serpent<sup>102</sup> of the North.

Lo ! these are outlines of His glorious ways,  
Which, O how dimly, shadow forth His praise !  
And [if e'en these our utmost thoughts transcend,]  
The thunder of His POWER, Oh, who may comprehend !

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

---

AND Job, his speech continuing, exclaim'd :—  
As GOD exists, who hath my right condemn'd,  
And the Almighty, who hath vex'd my soul ;  
Long as the streams of life within me roll,  
And, through my nostrils, flows the breath of God,  
Ne'er shall my lips spread wickedness abroad,  
Nor shall my tongue give utterance to fraud.

Far be it from me, you to justify—  
Till death, I'll not cede mine integrity :  
My righteousness I hold, and yield will never :  
Nor shall my heart, through life, upbraid me ever.

May mine opponent as the wicked be !  
As the unrighteous man, mine enemy !  
For, of the hypocrite, what is the stay,  
Treasures of riches though amass he may,  
When GOD shall take his forfeit life away ?

Will God attend, when Terror's surges roll,  
Unto the cry of his despairing soul ?  
In the Almighty can his heart rejoice ?  
Will he, at all times, lift to God his voice ?

To you, the works<sup>103</sup> of God will I reveal ?  
The Almighty's dealings will I not conceal :  
Lo, ye yourselves have seen the truth I show,  
Yet vainly<sup>104</sup> argue it is *always* so.

This, then, the wicked's portion is from Heaven—  
The heritage, by God, to tyrants given :  
'Tis for the sword, his seed is multiplied—  
Ne'er shall his sons with bread be satisfied :  
Cast out, in death, shall their descendants lie,  
Unmourn'd, unhonor'd, by the widow's sigh.  
Silver, as dust, although he hoard with care,  
And stores of raiment plenteously prepare,  
He may prepare it—but the just shall wear,  
The innocent, his heaps of silver, share.  
E'en as the moth-worm, he, his house, doth build,  
Or, as his booth, the watchman of the field ;  
Rich lieth he down—but shall do so no more—  
His eyes he openeth—and his hopes are o'er !  
Terrors rush on him as the Ocean's might,  
A tempest sweepeth him away by night ;

The East-wind, grasping in its rushing pace,  
With storm-like fury hurls him from his place ;  
It presseth<sup>105</sup> on him with unsparing force—  
Fain would he 'scape from its impetuous course ;  
With tempest-hands, it claps his desp'rate flight.  
And hisses him away, for ever, from the sight !

---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRULY, there is, for silver ore, a mine,  
A dwelling-place for gold, which men refine ;  
Iron is taken from the teeming Earth,  
And copper,<sup>106</sup> from the stone, is smelted forth.  
Man<sup>107</sup> puts an end to darkness, by the aid  
Of Science,—searching to their lowest grade,  
The stones of darkness, and of death's deep shade.  
From where he sojourns, lo, at his behest,  
Is wrought a channel in Earth's riven breast ;  
Deep they descend to their obscure retreat,  
Wand'ring from men—forgotten of the feet.

Earth bringeth forth the life-sustaining corn,  
Though its dark depths be, as by fire, upturn.

Among its stones the azure sapphire glows,  
Its secret depths the golden ore inclose.  
A pathway, this, to bird of prey unknown,  
The eye of vulture ne'er hath glanc'd thereon ;  
The sons\* of fierceness ne'er its terror tried,  
Nor o'er it stalked the lion's lordly pride.

Man, to the flinty rock, his hand extends,  
And, from its base, the solid mountain rends ;  
Through rock-scoop'd channels rolling floods directs,  
And every precious thing his eye inspects :  
He bids the oozing stream its current stay,  
And, hidden treasures, bringeth forth to day.

But, who, of KNOWLEDGE, shall reveal th' abode ?  
To WISDOM'S Temple, who shall point the road ?  
Unknown to mortal Man, her peerless worth  
Rests undiscover'd 'mong the sons of Earth.  
Th' Abyss declareth, " It is not in me !"  
And, " Not in me !" — responds the echoing Sea !  
For her, in vain, is finest gold display'd,  
Or, for her price, the virgin silver weigh'd ;  
Her worth, the gold of Ophir cannot buy,  
With her, the onyx, or the sapphire vie !  
Nor gold, with her, nor crystal can compare,  
Vessels of gold may not her barter dare ;

\* *Poetically, for the beasts of the forest.*

Silent remain the pearl's and coral's praise ;  
This Wisdom, far, the ruby's cost outweighs !  
With her, no Ethiop's topaz may compete,  
Nor purest gold, her priceless value, mete !

Whence, then, comes Wisdom ? Who, the path,  
shall trace,

Where Understanding holds her dwelling-place ?

Since, from all living eyes, she is conceal'd,

Nor, to the wingéd tribes of air, reveal'd.

DESTRUCTION saith,—and DEATH attests the same—

“ Our ears have only *heard* her distant fame.”

Her latent path, GOD understands, alone—

Only to *Him*, her secret place is known ;

For He beholdeth Earth's extremest ends,

Surveys whate'er beneath the heav'ns extrnds.

When,<sup>106</sup> for the wind, a balance He had made,

And, in His measure, had the waters weigh'd ;

When, for the rain, He had decreed a bound,

And, for the thunder's blaze, a pathway found ;

Then did he see, and make her manifest—

Establish her,—and thoroughly attest—

And, unto Man, He utter'd this behest :—

To fear JEHOVAH, *this* is Wisdom true,

And Understanding, evil to eschew !

## CHAPTER XXIX.

---

AND Job, his strain continuing, spake yet more :—

Oh, that I were as in the months of yore—  
As in the days when God my soul watch'd o'er !  
While brightly shone His lamp above my head,  
And, by its radiance, through the darkness led ;  
As when my days in prosp'rous<sup>109</sup> fulness flow'd,  
Through<sup>110</sup> the o'erruling council of my God !  
While with me, yet, th' Almighty's gracious care,  
While yet my children round about me were :  
When I, my steps, in butter-milk did lave ;—  
The rock, for me, its oily torrent gave :  
When, passing through the city to the gate,  
Where, in the street, was plac'd my seat of state,  
The young beheld me, and, with awe retir'd,  
The aged rose and stood—with reverence inspir'd.  
Princes, their converse, at my coming, stay'd,  
Their hand, respectful, on their mouth they laid :  
Lost was all speech the noble chiefs among,  
Cleav'd to the palate, their dumb-stricken tongue.

If the ear heard, its blessing on me broke—  
If the eye saw, its glancing witness spoke ;  
Because I heard the wretched's mournful cry,  
The orphan sav'd, and him, to whom no help was nigh.  
The blessing crown'd me of the perishing—  
The widow's heart, I made, with joy, to sing.  
I put on Righteousness, my robe confess'd—  
Judgment was as my diadem and vest.  
Unto the blind, as vision, I became—  
My strong support was feet unto the lame.  
I was a father to the friendless poor,  
The cause I knew not, strove I to explore.  
The jaw-teeth of the wicked, brake I then,  
And pluck'd the prey from out his teeth again.  
In my nest, said I, surely shall I die,  
And, as the sand, my days shall multiply.

Beside the waters, was my root outspread,  
Upon my branch, the dew, by night, was shed ;  
Freshly my glory round about me glow'd,  
Within my hand, my bow, in strength<sup>111</sup> abode.  
To me, men hearken'd, and, attentive, heard,  
And silent hung on mine exhorting word :  
Hearing, they sought not converse to renew,  
For, on their ears, my speech distill'd as dew.

As for the rain, did they for me abide,  
As for the latter rain, their mouths they open'd wide.  
Smil'd I on them ? incredulous they seem'd !  
Yet ne'er abus'd<sup>112</sup> the light that on them beam'd.  
I chose their way, e'en as their chief confess'd,  
Dwelling as Monarch 'mid his host at rest—  
As one who comforteth the grief-oppress'd.

CHAP. XXX. BUT, now, they view me with derisive gaze,  
They who are younger, than myself, in days ;  
Whose low-born sires, among the nobler race  
Of dogs that guard my flock, I should have scorn'd to place.  
For, what, to me, avail'd their arm's defence,  
In whom had perish'd every excellence ?<sup>113</sup>  
Who, famishing<sup>114</sup> through penury and dearth,  
Prowling, erewhile, upon the blasted Earth,  
Were plucking mallows from the underwood,  
And roots of juniper, their wretched food ;  
Driv'n from among the haunts of men were they,  
As thieves, pursued, and hooted far away ;  
To dwell in holes, the torrent's course along,  
In caves of earth, the rugged rocks among ;  
Amid the bushes of the wild they bray'd,  
Together huddled 'neath the bramble<sup>115</sup> shade :  
Flagitious<sup>116</sup> wretches—men without a name—

Scourg'd from the land, [for deeds of darkest shame !]  
And now, of *such*, am I become the song,  
Yea, the mere by-word on their filthy tongue !  
Loathing, they stand aloof, the odious race,  
Or spit, audacious, e'en before <sup>117</sup> my face !  
God hath o'erthrown, and made me sorrow's prey,  
Hence, these, the rein of def'rence cast away.

A lawless youth, on my right hand, arise ;  
To thrust me from my place, do they devise,  
And, 'gainst me, their destructive ways erect ;  
My path they root up, and, around, collect,  
T' increase my mis'ry—while, against their rage,  
None, <sup>118</sup> none to help, upon my side engage !  
As through a mighty breach, they onwards pour,  
Like billows rolling with tumultuous roar.

Turn'd on my soul the terrors are of death—  
My dignity <sup>119</sup> exhalet as a breath,  
And, as a cloud, my safety vanisheth !  
Pour'd out within me is my melting soul,  
For days of sorrow press, without controul !  
By night, my bones are pierc'd with anguish deep,  
My gnawing <sup>120</sup> pains preclude the balm of sleep ;  
By force, the garment from my skin they wrest—  
It girds me like the collar of my vest !

Low in the mire, me prostrate, God hath laid,  
As dust and ashes, hath my glory made !  
I cry to Thee, my God, but am not heard—  
I stand up to appeal—but Thou dost not regard !  
Cruel towards me Thy stern decrees appear—  
Thou dost oppose me with Thy hand severe.  
Lifting, <sup>121</sup> Thou mad'st me ride as on the wind ;—  
But now, my very being, dost unbind :  
For, unto death, I know Thou wilt me bring,  
To th' house appointed for each living thing :  
Yet *there*, <sup>122</sup> at least, Thou wilt not stretch Thy hand—  
Its dark destruction, safety may command !

Should <sup>123</sup> I not weep, as one in lot oppress'd ?  
Should not my soul be sad, as one distress'd ?  
For, when I looked for good, lo, ill was found !  
When I expected light, thick darkness gather'd round !  
My heart tumultuates, and resteth not,  
For days <sup>124</sup> of keen affliction are my lot !  
Mourning, without the sun, I pass along,  
Or stand, and cry for help, amid the gather'd throng.  
Brother am I to jackalls, <sup>125</sup> wild and lone—  
With ostriches, <sup>126</sup> thro' night, in doleful concert groan !  
Black on me hath become my wither'd skin—  
Scorch'd are my bones with burning heat within !

My harp to mourning turn'd—my pipe doth keep  
Sad concord, with the voice of those who weep !

### CHAPTER XXXI.

WITH solemn pledge did I mine eyes insure,  
Never on maid to gaze, with glance impure ;  
For what, from heav'n, the portion of the LORD,  
Or, from on high, th' Almighty's just award ?  
Is it not ruin to th' unrighteous man ?  
An awful doom to those, iniquity who plan ?  
Are not my ways his searching glance before ?  
Yea, all my steps, doth He not number o'er ?

If e'er to falsehood I have turn'd my feet,  
If e'er my steps have hasted to deceit,  
Let GOD, my soul, in scale of judgment throw,  
That, mine integrity, Himself may know !

If e'er my foot, from Virtue's path, have stray'd,  
Or e'er my heart, my roving eyes, obey'd,  
Or, stain'd my hands, Corruption's faintest shade ;  
Then, may I sow, and others reap the fruit,  
Yea, all the produce of my field uproot !

Entic'd by woman, if my heart have been,  
If, by my neighbour's door, I've lain unseen,  
Then, may my wife grind at a stranger's mill,  
And bow subservient to another's will !

För, this were wickedness of darkest stain,  
Before the Judge, the guilty to arraign ;  
A fire, which down to Hell's abyss would prey,  
Mine increase rooting out, with terrible decay.

My servant's cause, if e'er I did contemn,  
Or, of my maid, e'er turned aside the claim,  
When God ariseth, how shall I appear ?  
What answer render when he draweth near ?  
For, did not One create us in the womb ?  
Formed He not both, in that mysterious loom ?  
The poor, from gladness, if I e'er withheld,—  
Through me, if e'er the widow's eyes have fail'd ;  
Alone, if I've consum'd my daily fare,  
And with the fatherless refus'd to share ;  
(*Him*, from my youth, with father's care I've train'd,  
And, from mine earliest years, have *her* sustain'd :)  
If I've seen one, for lack of raiment, dying,  
Or any shiv'ring poor, uncover'd, lying,  
And his loins bless'd me not, as warmth would creep  
O'er his glad frame, from fleeces of my sheep ;  
If I, against the fatherless, my hand  
Have rais'd, when Pow'r<sup>127</sup> attended my command ;  
Then, let my shoulder sever from the blade,  
And, in the socket, be mine arm decay'd !

For God's requital was my solemn fear,  
I could not brook His majesty severe,

    If gold, its hope, my heart have ever made,  
Or, to fine gold, "Thou art my trust," have said ;  
If I rejoic'd because my wealth increas'd,—  
Because my hand abundant store possess'd ;  
If <sup>128</sup> e'er against me murmur'd my demesne,—  
Its furrows leagued against me, to complain ;  
Its strength, unpaid for, if I have possess'd,  
And, of its managers, the soul distress'd ;  
Let thistles, 'stead of wheat, its soil deface,  
And pois'nous herbs usurp the barley's place !

    If, to the radiant sun, mine eyes I've rais'd,  
Or, on the moon, in brightness walking, gaz'd ;  
And, secretly entic'd, my heart have stray'd,  
And, on my hand, my mouth its kiss of homage paid ;  
This were a crime by judgment to be tried,  
For I, the God above should have denied.

    Did I exult when ruin seiz'd my foe,  
Or joy, triumphant, at his overthrow ?  
Nay—from all sin my lips did I controul,  
Ne'er to invoke a curse upon his soul.  
Attest <sup>129</sup> not they who in my tent abide,  
"Who, for his food, e'er long'd, unsatisfied?"

Ne'er did the stranger tarry in the street,  
My door receiv'd the trav'ler's weary feet.

If I, like Adam, have my sin suppress'd,  
Concealing guilt within my conscious breast ;  
Let<sup>130</sup> the great multitude my soul appal,  
The terror of Man's scorn upon me fall !  
Let silence shade me in dishonour'd gloom,  
And mine own dwelling be my living tomb !

Oh, were there one to listen to my cry !—  
Behold my pledge !<sup>131</sup>—Let God Himself reply !  
Yea, let mine Adversary deign to write  
The charge,<sup>132</sup> on which He doth my soul indict !—  
E'en *it*, upon my shoulder would I bear,  
Or like a diadem of triumph wear !  
By *it*,<sup>133</sup> my steps before Him would make known,  
And, like a Prince, approach His judgment-throne !

## Part b.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### The Address of Elihu.

---

Now Job, so righteous in his own esteem,  
His friends no more, of answer, worthy deem.

Then rose the wrath of Elihu, who sprung  
From Barachel the Buzite—from among  
The race of Ram :—'Gainst Job his wrath was stirr'd,  
His own uprightness, who, to God's preferr'd ;  
Wroth, too, with friends, who, eager to dispute,  
Had Job condemn'd, though powerless to refute.

Elihu,<sup>134</sup> long, the answer of Job's friends,  
With def'rence to their elder age attends :  
But when their tongue essay'd not to reply,  
Elihu's wrath against them kindled high :—  
At length, the son of Barachel thus brake  
The painful silence, and, respectful, spake :—

Few are my days, and ye are crown'd with years—  
Hence was I fill'd with deferential fears ;  
And ventur'd not, unquestion'd, to obtrude  
On your regard, mine own opinions crude :  
For I consider'd, Days should utter speech,  
And multitude of years should wisdom teach.  
Mind,<sup>135</sup> truly, dwells in all men—yet is given  
Superior knowledge, at the will of Heaven.  
Not always are the great with wisdom crown'd,  
Nor skill in judgment with the aged found.  
Therefore, I pray, your patient heed bestow,  
That I may, also, mine opinion show.

Behold, I waited for your words, and hung  
Attentive, on the reas'nings of your tongue,  
While yet an argument ye could devise :—  
Yea, I have deeply ponder'd your replies ;  
Yet none of you convinceth Job, nor brings  
A refutation to his reasonings ;  
Lest ye should claim such wisdom as your own,  
By God,<sup>136</sup> not man, must he be overthrown.

Not against *me* hath Job his words address'd ;  
Nor shall, like yours, mine answer be express'd.  
They are amaz'd!<sup>137</sup>—lo, they respond no more !  
Words are remov'd—their eloquence is o'er !

I wait—but silence doth their lips restrain—  
They rise to answer—but they rise in vain!

Therefore, can I, no more, my words forego—  
Now, mine opinion, also, will I show;  
For, copious matter teeming in my soul,  
Constrains my lips with vehement controul:  
Behold, my heart, as wine that hath no vent,  
As bursting skins of new wine, doth ferment:  
Hence will I speak, that solace I may find,—  
Will ope my lips, and ease mine answ'ring mind;  
To none will I unequal favour show,  
Nor flatt'ring titles upon man bestow;  
For flatt'ring titles, fear forbids me pay,  
Lest, suddenly, my Maker take my life away.

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### CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEREFORE, O Job, my speech attentive hear—  
To all my words, incline a list'ning ear.  
Lo, of my lips have I unclos'd the door—  
Within my mouth, my tongue lies dumb no more:  
My words shall speak the uprightness of my heart,  
And chosen<sup>185</sup> knowledge, shall my lips impart;  
The Spirit of the LORD my being made,  
Th' Almighty's breath the vital spark convey'd.

Now, if thou canst, thine answer meditate—  
Thy pleas prepare—with *me*, thy cause debate—  
Lo, with respect <sup>129</sup> to GOD, alike we stand,  
Both form'd of clay by His creative hand :  
Behold, *my* terror shall not thee dismay,  
Nor shall *my* hand its pressure on thee lay.—

Surely, within mine ears, hast thou averr'd,  
The boastful language of thy voice I've heard ;  
“ Upright am I—from all transgression free—  
I'm pure—and spotless from iniquity—  
Behold, He seeks occasions 'gainst my soul !  
Me, as His enemy, doth He enrol—  
My shackled feet, a clog He fast'neth o'er,  
And, all my paths, doth narrowly explore.”

Lo, naught, in this, thy speech can justify :  
For, GOD, than Man, is greater, I reply :  
O, wherefore, then, dost thou with Him contend,  
Who ne'er will stoop His actions to defend ?  
Yet doth He, once, His voice of warning raise,  
Yea, twice—but Man, the token, disobeys :—  
In dreamy thoughts—in visions of the night,  
When the deep shades of sleep on mortals light,  
In slumbers soft, upon the couch of rest ;—  
Then, to the list'ning spirit, is address'd

The voice of admonition—and He seals  
To it, th' instruction which His grace reveals,  
Man, from his evil deeds, to turn aside,  
And, from the mighty, arrogance to hide ;  
To keep his soul back from the pit abhorr'd,  
His life, from falling by the fatal sword.

Again, on couch of anguish, chasten'd long,  
The racking<sup>140</sup> of his bones is fierce and strong,  
So that his bread is with abhorrence view'd,  
His soul rejects the most alluring food :  
His flesh, from sight, is all consum'd away,  
His bones protrude, unseen before, which lay ;  
His soul draws nigh the darksome pit beneath,  
His life approaches to the gates of death !

If near him, now, a Messenger should draw,  
A just expounder of God's holy Law,  
One 'mong a thousand, to the man to show  
The truths<sup>141</sup> essential to his soul to know ;  
Then, will his God a gracious ear incline,  
And thus address him with a voice benign ;  
“ His soul, from going to the pit, set free,  
Th' atoning ransom hath been found by Me !”

Then, shall his flesh return to childhood's bloom,  
His youth's bright days their happy course resume ;

His contrite pray'r, shall he to God address,  
God will accept him, and, propitious, bless ;  
He shall behold, with joy, His face benign,  
And stand endued<sup>142</sup> with righteousness divine.  
'Mong<sup>143</sup> men, shall he, exulting sing, and say ;  
" I sinnéd—and perverted Wisdom's way :  
He hath not weigh'd out my deservéd meed,  
But, from the pit, my ransom'd soul hath freed :  
My forfeit life, too, [doth His grace restore,]  
That it may look upon the light once more."  
Lo, all these things doth God's great mercy plan,  
Time after time, on the behalf of Man,  
To snatch him from the pit with darkness rife,  
And to illume him with the light of life.

Attend, O Job !—thy thoughtful heed I seek ;  
Be silent—while, with reverence, I speak.—  
If thou hast ought to say, do thou reply—  
For, fain, thy conduct, would I justify ;  
But, if not,—hearken unto me I pray ;  
Keep silence,—while, to teach thee wisdom I essay.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

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ELIHU, then, continued his address :—

Hear, ye wise men, the truths my lips express ;  
List unto me, O ye with skill endued !  
For the ear trieth words, as doth the palate food.  
In just decision, let us now unite,

And, 'mong ourselves, search out whate'er is right—

For, “ I am righteous !” Job, presumptuous, cries,  
“ And God, the sentence of my right, denies ;  
Mine own just right, from urging shall I pause ?—  
My wound is cureless—yet, without a cause !”

What hero is like Job, 'mong woman-born ?  
Who drinketh up, like water, taunting scorn !  
With workers of iniquity conjoin'd,  
With sons of evil of concurring mind !  
For he hath said, “ No profit marks the choice  
Of him who, in his Maker, doth rejoice !”

Wherefore, ye wise men, hearken unto me :—

Let God, from wickedness, far distant be,  
And the Almighty, from iniquity.  
For He, Man's doings, unto him repays,  
And causes each to find according to his ways.  
Yea, surely; God will not do wickedly,  
Nor frame, th' Almighty, an unjust decree.

Say, who, to Him, the charge of Earth conveyed ?  
Or who, th' unbounded universe, hath made ?  
Were<sup>144</sup> God, 'gainst man, to set His heart in ire,  
His spirit and his breath would He require,  
All flesh would perish 'neath one edict just,  
And sons of Earth return to kindred dust.

If, with intelligence, thy soul be fraught,  
Hear, now, the voice of mine instructive thought :—  
Can *He* supremely rule who hateth right ?  
Wilt thou arraign e'en Justice infinite ?  
Who, Thou art wicked, to a King would say ?  
Or, charge of evil, against Princes lay ?  
How, then, to Him, the person of the prince  
Who heedeth not ?—whose equal laws evince  
'Gainst rich and poor, the same impartial claim,  
For all, alike, His sov'reign hand did frame !

And oft, alike, all in a moment die !

At midnight, with Destruction's sudden cry,  
The people pass away from off the land ;  
The mighty perish without mortal hand !  
For, fix'd his eyes are, on the ways of man,  
His searching gaze doth all his goings scan ;  
No darkness is there, nor Death's gloomy night,  
Can shroud the evil-doer from His sight.

God<sup>145</sup> ne'er, to Man, will more than just impute,  
And then, against him, judgment institute.  
No need<sup>146</sup> hath He to search what time to tread  
The mighty down, and raise up others in their stead :  
Because He knows their deeds, He turns the night  
Of ruin on them, with consuming blight :  
Because they're wicked, doth He strike them down,  
In open sight of many looking on ;  
Because, from after Him, they turn'd away,  
And ponder'd not His precepts, to obey ;  
Causing the poor man's wail to reach His ears,  
Who aye the cry of the afflicted hears.

When He, returning, granteth quietness,  
What earthly trouble can evoke distress ?  
Who can behold Him when He hides His face,  
Whether a nation, or a man to' abase ?  
He hides, to keep from pow'r the man profane,

And save the people from th' ensnaring chain.

Surely, the cry should unto God ascend,  
"Lo, I have err'd ! <sup>147</sup> I will no more offend :  
Teach Thou me what I see not, I implore—  
If I have sinnéd, I will sin no more."

Shall He according to *thy* mind reward,  
*Thou* <sup>148</sup> choosing or refusing—not the LORD ?  
Speak, therefore, what thou knowest—Men of sense  
Will say as I do—and, to my defence  
Will wise men hearken,—Job's discourse hath prov'd  
Devoid of knowledge—words from wisdom far remov'd.  
My wish <sup>149</sup> is this, that Job be fully tried,  
Because like <sup>149</sup> wicked men he hath replied,  
And added to his sin rebellious pride ;  
Hath clapp'd among us his insulting hands,  
And, multiplying words, with God contending stands.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

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AND dost thou think, Elihu spake again,  
That this is right thou didst, erewhile, maintain,  
“ My righteousness doth that of God exceed ? ”  
Yea, thou hast e’en declar’d, “ To me, indeed,  
Accrues what profit ?—more, what have I gain’d,  
Than though iniquity my life had stain’d ? ”

Now will I render a response to thee,  
And unto all of thy society :—  
Lift to the heav’ns thy scrutinizing eye—  
Sublime, above thee, view th’ o’erarching sky !  
To such as *He*, [that mighty frame who built,]  
What injury accrues from mortal guilt ?  
Yea, though thou sin, and cease not to transgress,  
To *Him*, what dost thou ?—[is His glory less ?]  
If thou be just, to *Him*, what dost thou give ?  
From hand like thine, what boon doth *He* receive ?

To mortal beings, like thyself, indeed,  
May damage from thy wickedness proceed ;  
Or, from thy righteousness may, haply, flow  
Some profit to thy fellow-worms below !—

Cry the distress'd <sup>151</sup> the multitude among—  
They roar, by reason of oppressive wrong :  
Yet, where is God, my Maker ? none inquires,  
Who holy joy, 'mid Sorrow's night inspires,  
Doth more, to us, than beasts of Earth, declare,  
And makes us wiser than the fowls of air.  
Or, <sup>152</sup> if they cry, His answer is denied,  
Because of evil men's abhorrent pride ;  
For God wilt ne'er to vanity attend,  
Nor heed, thereto, will the Almighty lend.  
Although, thou canst not see Him, <sup>153</sup>—be thy cry,  
Thy cause <sup>154</sup> is with Him—hence, on Him rely.  
But now, <sup>155</sup> because His wrath He still restrains,  
Nor, thy great arrogance, to notice deigns,  
Therefore doth Job, his mouth, with folly fill,  
Words without knowledge, multiplying still !—

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

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BEAR with me yet, Elihu spake again,  
A little season, while I make it plain  
To thee, what arguments for God remain.  
Lo, from afar, my knowledge will I bring,  
And righteousness ascribe unto my heavenly King ;  
No falsehood, truly, shall my words pollute ;—  
One vers'd in knowledge doth with thee dispute.

Lo, God is mighty !—yet doth none despise—  
In arm, omnipotent—in heart, all-wise !  
Life to th' ungodly, He doth not prolong,  
But those doth vindicate, who suffer wrong.  
From off the just, His eyes He turneth not—  
With thronéd princes He appoints their lot ;  
For evermore, establishing their claim,  
He doth exalt and magnify their name.

But, if fast bound in fetters, sinners lie,  
And holden by the cords of misery,  
Then are, to them, their evil deeds reveal'd,  
And how their dark transgressions have prevail'd ;  
Their ears he opes, Correction to discern,  
And bids them, from iniquity, return.

If, to His gracious voice, their souls attend,  
And turn, and serve Him, they their days shall spend  
In bright Prosperity's perennial glow,  
Their years, in Pleasure's consecrated flow :—  
But, if, rebellious, they refuse to' obey,  
They shall become the sword's appointed prey,  
And, without knowledge, shall they pass away.

For, the profane in heart, these heap up wrath ;  
They cry not when He hedgeth up their path ;  
In early youth, untimely, they decay,  
Among the reprobate, they pass away ;—  
But, rescueth He, the humble, in their woe,  
When Grief <sup>156</sup> hath oped their ears Instruction's voice  
to know.

E'en so, would He have rais'd thee from distress,  
Wide, and not strait, had been thy dwelling-place ;  
[Before thy foes] a table <sup>157</sup> had He laid,  
And full of fatness its provision made.  
But, like the wicked man, if thou wilt plead, <sup>158</sup>  
Haply, to pleading, judgment may succeed !  
His kindling wrath, ah, tremble to provoke !  
Lest He remove thee by a sudden stroke ;—  
Then a great ransom will not thee redeem :—  
Will He, indeed, thy riches aught esteem ?  
No—not thy choicest gold's resplendent store,

Nor the munitions of all human pow'r.

For Death's dark night, no more, so madly groan,  
When, in their place, the people are cut down.

Beware ! to wickedness, return thou not,

Nor choose it rather than Affliction's lot.

Lo, by His arm, God lifts to Honor's height—

But, like that arm, ah, what so low can smite !<sup>159</sup>

Who hath appointed unto Him His way,

Or, Thou hast wrought iniquity, to Him can say ?

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

TAKE<sup>160</sup> heed thou magnify His works divine,  
In praise<sup>161</sup> of which should every tongue combine.

All men may gaze on the sublime array,

And, from afar, each mortal eye survey.

Lo, God is great !—above conception, great !

His boundless being, who may estimate !

'Tis He attracts<sup>162</sup> the aqueous drops on high,

As rain, in vapour bound,<sup>163</sup> amid the sky ;

Which, the careering clouds, in copious flow,

Distil, effusive, upon Man below.

Who can th' o'ershadowing of His skies make  
known ?<sup>164</sup>

The rolling thunder of His cloudy throne !—  
Lo, He spreads over it His lightning-beam,  
Wherewith the Sea's dark depths<sup>165</sup> resplendent gleam.  
By these,<sup>166</sup> ungodly nations He deters,—  
On others, food, abundantly, confers.  
The lightning covereth the vaulted skies,<sup>167</sup>—  
But, at *His* mandate, whom to strike, it flies :  
[With guardian care] He sheweth it His friend ;—  
But, 'gainst the impious, wrath doth it portend !

Truly, at this, my heart doth quake with fear,  
And from its place is mov'd !—Attentive, hear  
The mutt'ring voice<sup>168</sup> yon gath'ring clouds among,  
The solemn utterance which His lips prolong !  
'Neath the whole heav'ns, His lightning flash extends,<sup>169</sup>  
At His behest, to Earth's extremest ends :—  
After it, bursts a roaring peal on high—  
His voice majestic, echoeth through the sky !  
Yet, none who hears that Voice sublime, aright  
Can trace<sup>170</sup> those symbols of its glorious might !—

God, with His wondrous voice, in thunder roars—  
Great things doeth He—which Man, in vain, explores.  
For, at His word, the wintry snow descends,  
And, o'er the Earth, its fleecy robe extends :

In gentle drops, distil the showery rains,  
Or, flood-like, pour upon the delug'd plains ;  
Whereby He stays<sup>171</sup> the lowly works of Man,  
That all may learn *His* mightier acts to scan :  
Then hie the wild-beasts to the mountain-lair,  
And, in their coverts, rest securely there.

From southern skies, the whirlwind rusheth past—  
Cold rideth on the boist'rous northern blast—  
Frost, by the breath divine, assumes his reign,  
And o'er the broad floods flings his icy chain ;  
Again, with rain<sup>172</sup> He burdeneth the cloud ;—  
Anon—His light<sup>173</sup> dispels the aqueous shroud.

Thus,<sup>174</sup> by the guidance of His sov'reign hand,  
He turns their circuits—each, His high command  
Accomplishing, through each revolving year,  
Upon the surface of this earthly sphere ;  
Whether correcting judgment give them birth,  
Or mercy rule their influence o'er the Earth.

Give ear to this, O Job !—in silence stand,  
And view the wonders of th' Almighty's hand !  
Know'st thou how God proceeds, with skill divine,  
When He commands His lightning-cloud to shine ?  
Canst thou the balance of the clouds explain ?  
Or make the wondrous works of perfect Wisdom plain ?—

Warmth to thy robes, know'st thou, what giveth birth,  
When, from the South, he quieteth the Earth?  
Hast thou, with Him, spread out th' eternal skies,  
E'en as a molten mirror?—Then, advise  
What we, to Him, shall say—for darkness reigns  
Within *our* souls, and utterance restrains.  
Shall He be told that I am speaking?—Nay,—  
All speech<sup>175</sup> is lost, that would His excellence pourtray!—

E'en now, the sparkling radiance on high,<sup>176</sup>  
When the breeze, passing, purifies the sky,  
Too dazzling doth it shine, for mortal eye!  
Bright though that golden splendor,<sup>177</sup> from the North,  
From God, more awful Majesty beams forth!

As to th' Almighty, Him to comprehend,  
Doth human reason's utmost grasp transcend:  
In POWER, in JUDGMENT, and in RIGHTEOUSNESS—  
Sublime—abundant—He will not oppress—  
Him, how should men revere,<sup>178</sup> whose glorious ways,  
The wisest heart, in vain, to understand, essays!

## Part bi.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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THEN, from the whirlwind's awful darkness, brake  
A Voice divine—and thus JEHOVAH spake :—

Say, who is this, whose reas'nings, vain and blind,  
Obscure the counsel of th' Eternal Mind ?—  
Gird up thy loins, now, like a man !—for I  
Of *thee* will question, and do *thou* reply :—

Where, Earth's foundations when I laid, wert thou ?  
Declare—such knowledge if thy soul endow !  
Whose skill, its just proportions, did assign,  
Or o'er it stretch'd Perfection's guiding line ?—  
Fix'd upon what, doth rest its solid base ?  
What mighty hand its corner-stone did place,  
When all the Morning Stars in concert sang,  
And shouts of joy from Heav'n's bright armies rang ?

Or who, with doors, the raging sea controll'd,  
When, from the womb, its bursting fury roll'd?<sup>179</sup>  
When, with the cloud, I mantled it around,  
And swath'd its billows with the gloom profound?  
When I brake up, for it, my place prepar'd<sup>180</sup>—  
Its bars and doors appointed—and declar'd,  
“Here is thy bound!—no farther dare invade!  
Here shall the billows of thy pride be stay'd!”<sup>181</sup>

Hast thou e'er bid the orient dawn to glow,  
Or taught the day-spring its due place to know?  
That Earth's extremest bounds it may embrace,  
And, by its light, the sons of darkness chase?  
Earth's face it changes, as the seal, the clay,<sup>182</sup>  
And every scene stands forth, enrob'd in bright array;  
Thus, by its beam,<sup>183</sup> the wicked's light is quench'd,  
And the high arm's oppression is retrench'd.

Hast thou e'er div'd where Ocean's sources flow?—  
Or walk'd, familiar, through the depths below?

Have Death's dark portals been, for thee, unbarr'd?—  
The gates of death-shade didst thou e'er regard?

Hast thou contéplated the breadth of Earth?—  
Declare thy knowledge of its spacious girth!

Where is the region<sup>184</sup> sacred to the Day?  
And where doth Darkness hold her gloomy sway?

Thy wisdom, doubtless, can its bound'ry show!<sup>185</sup>—  
 'Thou, to its dwelling, well the path dost know!—  
 Thou know'st, because thy days had then begun,  
 And vast the term thy countless years have run!—

Didst thou e'er wander 'mid my stores of snow?—  
 Dost thou my treasures of hail-stones know?  
 Which are reserv'd against the evil time,  
 The day of battle, and of war-bred crime.—

What law divides the forked flash of heaven?<sup>186</sup>  
 How, o'er Earth's surface, is the east-wind driven?  
 Who scoops the channel for the water's flow,  
 Or bids the thunder where its bolt to throw?—  
 Gives rain to lands where Man was never seen—  
 Or barren heaths, where dwelling ne'er hath been—  
 To drench the desolate and dreary Earth,  
 And make the herb-bud spring in verdure forth?

Who is the parent of the genial rain?—  
 Or who begat the bright dew's pearly train?

Say, from whose womb the ice doth issue forth?  
 Who, to the hoar-frost of the heav'n gives birth?  
 Stone-like<sup>187</sup> becomes the frozen water's breast—  
 The Deep's wild waves are petrified to rest!

Didst thou the Pleiads' cluster'd bands unite?  
 Or canst thou loose Orion's belt of light?

Canst thou, in season, Mazzaroth lead forth,  
Or rule the stellar glories of the North ?<sup>188</sup>

Say, dost thou know each ordinance of heaven ?  
Was, o'er the earth, by thee, their empire given ?  
Unto the clouds, canst thou thy voice extend ?  
And will their waters hear thee, and descend ?  
Canst thou the lightnings teach thy word to fear ?  
And will they come and say " Behold us here !"  
Who hath put wisdom in their glancing light,  
Or giv'n discernment to the meteor's flight ?<sup>189</sup>

Whose skill can count the clouds innum'rous driven ?  
Or who pour out the wat'ry stores of heaven,  
When hard hath grown the long unmoisten'd dust,  
And clods, united, form an indurated crust ?

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#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

FOR<sup>189</sup> the fierce lion, canst thou hunt the prey ?  
Or the keen hunger of its young, allay,  
When, in their dens, reposing, they abide,  
Or in the the thicket of their ambush hide ?

Who, for the raven, doth provide its food ?  
What hand of care protects its callow brood,  
When wandering round their nest,<sup>190</sup> without supply,  
'To God they lift their hoarse, imploring cry ?

Know'st thou the time the mountain wild-goats year?  
The calving hinds, dost thou from peril skreen?<sup>191</sup>  
Canst thou the number of their months assign?  
When they shall bear, canst thou the hour define?  
They bend—they strive—with many a rending throe,  
And, with their young, cast forth their girding woe:  
Their young grow strong—they herd upon<sup>192</sup> the plain—  
They wander forth—and ne'er return again.

Who the wild-ass to desert freedom drove?  
Or the wild-mule,<sup>193</sup> unshackled, bade to rove?  
Whose house, the wilderness, wherein they roam,  
The grassy waste, their dwelling and their home:  
The city crowd they flee from, and despise,  
Nor heed the driver and his goading cries:  
Theirs is the food the mountain tracts supply,  
Where aught of verdure meets their roving eye.

Will the Rhinoceros<sup>194</sup> endure thy rein?  
Will he, obedient, by thy crib remain?  
Canst thou induce him to thy yoke to yield,  
Or train his strength to smooth thy furrow'd field?  
Doth his great pow'r thy confidence excite,  
To leave thy labour to his rugged might?  
Him, wilt thou trust to bring thy harvest-store,  
And bear the produce<sup>195</sup> of thy threshing-floor?

Exultant<sup>196</sup> spread the Ostrich' airy wings,—  
But, from her plumes, what hallow'd office springs ?  
For she deserts her eggs upon the land,  
Or leaves for warmth amid the glowing sand ;  
Nor thinks how, haply, some unwary tread,  
Or the wild beast, their safety may invade.  
As though not hers, her young, unwatch'd, remain,  
And all her toil, through want of care,<sup>197</sup> is vain !  
Surely doth God, from her, all wisdom hide,  
And understanding, hath to her denied ;  
Yet, when she flees, with pinion-aided speed,  
She scorns the rider, and his swiftest steed.

Didst thou, with strength, the noble Horse invest,  
And clothe with ardor<sup>198</sup> his majestic crest ?—  
Him, like the locust, hast thou made to bound, <sup>99</sup>  
And, in his nostrils, pour'd their startling sound ?<sup>200</sup>  
See,<sup>201</sup> how he paweth in the vale !—in might  
Exulting, eager, trembling for the fight !  
The embattled plain he snuffeth from afar,  
The chieftains' thunder, and the shouts of war :  
He hears the distant war-trump's brazen cry,  
And starts,—mistrustful of the mighty joy :  
Then rushes tow'rd the host ;—with echoing sound,  
And eager fury, swallowing the ground ;

And oft as peals the trumpet 'mid the fight,  
He neighs the answer of his fierce delight.  
At fear he mocks—by naught is he dismay'd—  
Nor turneth back before the flashing blade ;  
Against his frame the hurtling arrows glance,  
The beamy jav'lin, and the glitt'ring lance.

Say, doth the Hawk, by thine instruction, fly,  
And stretch her wings out to the southern sky ?

Doth the fierce Eagle mount at thy behest,  
And, at thy bidding, build his<sup>202</sup> airy nest ?  
On<sup>203</sup> the bare rock he dwells, and seated high,  
On its sharp cliff, his fortress 'mid the sky,  
Thence, for his prey, he bends his flashing eyes—  
His destin'd victim, from afar, descries :—  
Eager, his young, the reeking life-blood, drain—  
And there, his home is, 'mong the scatter'd slain.

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## CHAPTER XL.\*

SURVEY my Behemoth's<sup>204</sup> colossal frame,  
Who Me, his Maker, like thyself, doth claim !  
See, how he pastures on the herb-clad Earth,  
E'en as the cattle of a meaner birth !  
Lo, now, his vigour in his loins abides,  
With might enormous, heave his swelling sides !

\* See Note.

Like the tall plane, he bids his trunk ascend—  
Enlac'd with strength, his sinewy thighs distend ;  
Like tubes of brass, his bones unyielding are,  
His solid back-bone, like an iron bar ;  
His sword-like tusks, his Maker hath bestow'd,  
And chief he stands among the works of God.

The mountain-tracts his ceaseless wants support,  
Where the wild beasts in native freedom sport ;  
His cool repose, 'neath shady trees he takes,  
'Mid reedy coverts, or in marshy lakes ;  
Th' umbrageous forest waves above his head,  
Or o'er him droops the willow's grateful shade.  
He hasteth not th' o'erflowing flood before,<sup>205</sup>  
And rests secure, though Jordan 'gainst him roar.  
His capture, who may openly achieve,<sup>206</sup>  
Or through his nose, his cord of bondage reeve ?

My dread Leviathan,<sup>206</sup> say, canst thou brave ?  
And, with a hook, draw captive from the wave ?  
Wilt thou, with cord, his tongue, to bind essay,  
Or, on his nose, thy rope of bulrush lay ?  
Near to him, now, wilt thou presume to draw,  
With capturing ring, to bore his fearful jaw ?  
Thine ear, with much entreaty, will he press ?  
Will he, in sooth, to thee soft words address ?

With thee, a cov'nant, will he deign to make ?  
Him, as a life-long vassal wilt thou take ?  
As with a bird, with him, in sport engage,  
Or, for thy maids, confine him in a cage ?  
O'er him, their banquet, shall thy comrades hold,  
Or, 'mong the merchants, sunder him for gold ?  
Canst thou, his skin, with barbéd irons rive,  
Or, through his head, the pond'rous harpoon drive ?  
Presume, on him, thy vent'rous hand to lay !  
Think on the conflict—and no more essay !  
All hope of capture dies when he is seen—  
Man, fainting, shrinks at his terrific mien !  
None is so bold, *his* waken'd wrath to dare—  
Who, then, is he that may My Presence bear !  
ME, who hath made his debtor, that I may  
With equal value, gift for gift, repay ?  
Far as Creation's utmost bound extends,  
All is mine own—as on Me, all depends !

Nor will I his majestic limbs conceal,  
Where Pow'r and Grace in just arrangement dwell :  
Who, the close mail can from his face unclasp,  
Or dare invade his jaws' enfolding grasp ?  
Of his grim mouth, who may the doors unbar ?—  
His circling teeth gleam terribly afar !

His form of splendor, cas'd with shield on shield,  
Shut up in massive strength, is closely seal'd :  
His scales, close-set, in many a serried row,  
To air impervious, on each other grow ;  
So firmly solder'd—so securely tight,—  
That naught can sever their cohesive might.  
Whene'er he sneezes, light in sparkles flies ;—  
Like the dawn's eye-lids glow his fiery eyes :  
Out of his mouth shoot hissing flames—and fire,  
With flashing fury, doth his throat expire :  
From out his nostrils, smoky volumes stream,  
As from the caldron bursts th' impetuous steam :  
His burning breath ignites enkindling coals,  
And from his mouth, a flaming torrent rolls ! —

STRENGTH, on his neck, erects her dwelling-place—  
TERROR, exulting, goes before his face !—  
His solid flesh, in flakes, adhesive lies,  
And all aggressive violence defies :  
His dauntless heart, nor fear, nor danger shock,  
Firm and unshaken as the solid rock !

When he ariseth, e'en the mighty quail,  
By fear bewilder'd—with confusion pale !—  
Against him struck, the sword in fragments lies—  
The spear, or dart, innocuous, 'gainst him flies.

By him, as straw, is view'd the iron spear,  
And brass and touchwood, equal cause for fear !  
'Gainst him, in vain, the nervous archer toils ;—  
As chaff, the sling-stone, from his side, recoils.  
The massive club, as stubble, he esteems,  
The brandish'd lance, a cause of laughter deems :  
The various weapons thirsting for his blood,  
He tramples 'neath him in the oozy mud.

Whene'er he dives, indignant, in the Deep,  
Its seething waves in bubbling fury leap ;  
And, as he works his wrathful course below,  
Its turbid waters, thick as ointment, flow ;  
A line of light behind his pathway gleams—  
The shining flood, with hoar, inwoven seems !—

His equal lives not on this earthly sphere,  
Made, as he is, incapable of fear ;  
Despising aught to loftiness allied,  
And holding sway o'er all the sons of pride !

## CHAPTER XLI.

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AGAIN,<sup>207</sup> from out the whirlwind's deep'ning gloom,  
Resum'd to Job, JEHOVAH's voice of doom :—

Now, like a man, gird up thy loins, while I  
Once more demand, and challenge thy reply :  
Can he who, with th' Almighty, would contend,  
Instruct the Mind he dares to reprehend ?  
Let him, then, who, to chide with God, aspires,  
Devise the answer his offence requires !

Wilt thou, indeed, my judgments disannul ?  
And ME condemn, *thy* justice to extol ?  
Hast thou an arm, then, like the Arm divine ?  
And canst thou thunder with a voice like MINE ?

Robe, now, thyself with Majesty and State—  
Thyself, with Pow'r and Glory decorate—  
Scatter abroad thy Wrath's avenging glow—  
Observe each proud one, and his horn lay low—  
Behold the haughty, and their pride abase—  
Tread down, and crush the wicked in their place—  
Hide them together in the dust of death—  
In the dark grave, bind up their impious breath ;—  
Then, then, indeed, will I, corrected, own,  
Thy safety dwells in thy right hand alone !—

Then Job replied—I know Thou canst fulfil,  
Without control, each purpose of Thy will ;  
That no device, or thought, by Thee ordain'd,  
From full completion can be e'er restrain'd.  
Who,<sup>308</sup> who, indeed, am I, whose reas'nings vain,  
Decried the Wisdom they could ne'er attain !  
Hence, I have rav'd of things beyond my scan,—  
Wonders above me, unreveal'd to Man !—  
But now, my God, O hear me, while I plead,  
And grant th' instruction I so sorely need !  
Oh ! I am vile !—to Thee, what can I say ?—  
Upon my mouth, my trembling hand I'll lay :—  
Once did I speak—but lo, my vaunts are o'er—  
Twice dar'd to challenge—but will dare no more !—  
THEE, had I heard of, by the outward ear,  
But now, mine eye beholds Thy Glory near !—  
Hence, I abhor myself, and, lowly bent,  
In dust and ashes, at Thy feet, repent !

## CHAPTER XLII.

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AND so it was, that when the LORD JEHOVAH,  
These words, reproving, unto Job had spoken,  
To Eliphaz the Temanite He said ;  
'Gainst thee, and thy two friends my wrath is kindled,  
Because that, of Me, none of you hath spoken  
That which is right, as hath my servant Job.

Now, therefore, for yourselves, take seven steers,  
And seven rams ; and seek my servant Job,  
And a burnt-off'ring, for yourselves, present :—  
That so my servant Job may intercede  
On your behalf ; for him will I accept :  
Lest, as your folly, your requital be,  
In that, concerning Me, ye have not spoken  
That which is right, as hath my servant Job.

So Eliphaz of Teman, Bildad, also,  
Of Shuah's seed, and Zophar, Naama's seer,  
Went, and did even as JEHOVAH bade them :—  
'Then, unto Job, JEHOVAH had respect.

JEHOVAH, then, revers'd Job's captive state,  
When he had interceded for his friends :  
And all that Job had, heretofore, possess'd,  
In double measure, did the LORD restore.

Then, unto him, his brethren all return'd,  
And all his sisters, and his former friends,  
And ate bread with him in his own abode :  
And they condoléd with, and solac'd him,  
O'er all the evil God had brought upon him :  
Also, a piece of money each one gave him,  
And every one a golden ear-ring brought.

And thus, JEHOVAH bless'd the latter days  
Of Job, e'en more than He had his beginning :  
For he possess'd full fourteen thousand sheep,  
Six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke  
Of oxen, and, of she-asses, a thousand.  
He also had sev'n sons, and daughters three :  
And, of the first, he called the name Yemeemah ;<sup>209</sup>  
Ketseeah, was the name the second bore,  
And that of Keren-happook, was the third.  
And, throughout all the land, there were not found  
Daughters so beautiful as those of Job :  
And, unto them, a meet inheritance,  
Among their brethren, did their father give.

And, after this, a hundred smiling years,  
And forty, prosper'd Job—and saw his sons,  
And his sons' sons—e'en generations four.—  
Then Job departed—old, and full of days.

# NOTES

*Critical and Explanatory.*



# NOTES.

## CHAP I

### 1. In Idumæa's land, &c.

*The land of Uz.* Heb. עֵיז oots.

Uz, or oots, was the son of Dishan, the son of Seir, into whose land Esau went from the presence of his brother Jacob. Esau being the same as Edom, the land was called Edom, or Idumæa, after "the children of Esau succeeded the descendants of Seir, when they had destroyed them from before them, and dwelt in their stead." See Gen. xxxvi. 6, 7, 8, 20, 21, 28; and Lam. iv.

21. Compare also, Deut. ii. 12; and Gen. xiv. 5, 6.

Idumæa, or Edom, we learn from Num. xxxiv. 3, and Josh. xv. 1, 21, was situated on the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. See also, Jer. xxv. 20.

### 2. The sons of olden time.

בְּנֵי-קֶדֶם *bene-qedem*, sons of olden time. So Bagster's Gesenius, by Tregelles, in 3rd sig. of קֶדֶם *qedem*.

3. *Albeit they bless, &c.*

The verb בָּרַךְ *barak*, has not, properly, any such signification as *to curse*. Its "primary notion lies in breaking, breaking down," says Gesenius, "whence, to bend the knees, kneel down." Throughout the whole list of renderings, the idea of *cursing* does not exist, unless for the sake of *adapting* that sense to the two first chapters of this Book, and to 1 Kings, xxi. 10, 13, in which *only* places is it rendered *to curse*, *to blaspheme*; a rendering, not only unnecessary, but unnatural: unnecessary—as the passage in 1 Kings, may be literally translated thus, "Naboth hath *blessed* the gods, even Moloch: and unnatural—inasmuch as the disposition *to curse* one's Maker is *not* a phase of human depravity, infinite as that, confessedly, is.

Derivatives from this verb, through the Arabic and Persian, are in common use in India; and the words *barakat*, a *blessing*; *moobarak*, prop. name, *blessed*; *moobarak-bad*, *auspicious tidings*; &c., all tend to demonstrate that this root בָּרַךְ *barak*, has only a *good* sense.

4. *Still bless Thee to Thy face?*

See preceding note.

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 CHAP. II.
5. *Skin against skin, &c.*

The word עוֹר *aor*, signifies *the skin*, of a man, *the hide*, of a beast; and also, poetically, *the body*, *the life*. This phrase may, therefore, imply "*property for person*;" (so Boothroyd) especially as skins of beasts were among the chattels which composed the property of the ancients; and still, indeed, do, in various parts of the world.

6. *Still bless Thee to Thy face?*

See Note 3.

7. *Blessing thy God, etc.*

See Note 3.

### CHAP. III.

8. *Why was I not e'en as th' abortive blight?*

Verse 16, transposed to this, its proper place.

9. *Their lonely resting place.*

**חֲרָבָה** *harbah*, a desolate place; which may signify a *mausoleum*; and the more probably so, as these kings and chiefs are represented as erecting them *for themselves*. Now, this is precisely what eastern potentates have always done, from time immemorial: and any traveller who has stood among the ruins of these affecting memorials of evanescent greatness, in oriental climes, will testify that they are places *desolate* indeed! built by the great expressly *for themselves*, ere they died; and now, like their own remains, crumbling in decay.

10. *Whose sepulchres were stor'd.*

**בֵּית** *beth*, a sepulchre. So Gesenius, Sig. 4, also Is. xiv. 18.

### CHAP. IV.

11. *And of the lioness, etc.*

**לָבִיָּא** *labheea*, a lioness, as well as a lion; the word being derived from the sound of roaring. See Gesenius, in loco.

12. *Before his God, etc.*

מן *min*, or, as prefix, מי *mi*, *me*; *before, in presence of*; Davidson; so used also in Num. xxxii. 22, and Jer. li. 5.

12. *Nor praise ascribeth, etc.*

תהלה *tahalah*. This word, thus pointed, occurs only in this place, and signifies, according to Gesenius, and the Septuagint, *folly, sin, iniquity*, which signification, our translators have adopted. But, the question arises, is this charge against the holy Angels *true*? *Are* they guilty of *folly*? And can the God of Truth bring a *false* charge against His holy ones? This consideration compels to the conclusion that the word has been erroneously pointed, and should be תהלה *tehilah, praise, glory*, from the root הלל *halal, to praise*.

12. *As, לפני *lipne, in the manner of—like*. See Gesenius, on the word, (3).*

## CHAP. V.

13. *For wrath doth make, etc.*

כעס *kaas*. This word is found only in the book of Job, v. 2—vi. 2—x. 17—xvii. 7. In vi. 2, it evidently signifies *human grief*; in x. 17, *divine wrath*; in xvii. 7, *grief*, again. In the present passage, it may signify, in conjunction with קנאה *qinah*, either *grief*, or *wrath*, as the latter word may be rendered *envy* or *indignation*. In the mouth of a rebuker so severe as Eliphaz, *both* words should, doubtless, be rendered (with reference to the Divine Judge,) *wrath*, and *indignation*, and not *grief* and *envy*:

but, certainly, not *wrath*, in respect of *God*, and *envy*, with regard to *Man*, which would be in opposition to harmony of idea.

14. *But I presag'd his sudden downfall nigh :*

The second meaning of the verb נָקַב *naqabh* is, *to declare distinctly*. Dathe renders, "I presaged his sudden destruction." The verb נָוָה *nawah*, signifies, *to sit down*: hence, *down-sitting*; to which, the idea of *downfall*, as well as *habitation*, may be attached without any unjust violence.

15. *And bear it, to the very thorns, away.*

אֵל *el*, construc. אֵל *el*. Sig. 4. Gesenius, *even to, usquead*.

16. *As are the bird-tribes for the fields of air.*

Literally "*As the sons of lightning lift up the wing*." Gesenius renders, "birds;" and so, says Boothroyd, "do all the Greek versions, Jerome, and the Syriac, only some restrict it to the eagle."

17. *Naught shalt thou miss when visiting thy fold.*

The verb חָטָא *hata,a*, usually rendered *to sin*, signifies also *to miss*: and the noun which, in the common version, is translated "*habitation*," applies to the abodes of *flocks* and *herds*, as well as of *men*—hence, *fold*, for *flocks*; which sense is necessary in this passage.

## CHAP. VI.

18. *With vehemence o'erflow.*

There is no such meaning to the verb לָעָה *la,ah*, as "*to be swallowed up*;" still less does it bear the idea conveyed in the

marginal reading of the common version. It signifies, according to Gesenius, *to be rash, hasty, vehement* in speech.

19. *Yea, I would triumph, etc.*

**סלד** *saladh*, *to leap, to spring, to exult*: See Gesenius, and remark on this word, which, in PIEL, is used only in this passage; which, literally, runs thus; *And (this) shall be yet my consolation; and I will exult in pain, should He spare not, that I have not denied the words of the Holy One.*

20. *Alas!* **האם** *ha'im*. Jerome and others render this participle “*behold*.” That it is not interrogatory is evident, from the context; and were it so, the **אם** *im*, would be repeated in the second clause of the sentence, which is not the case.

20. The word in this couplet rendered “*succour*,” is defined by Gesenius as “*aid*,” with the idea of *comfort*.

21. *As valley-streams, &c.*

The Hebrew word usually rendered *brook*, in the common version, almost always signifies *valley*.

## CHAP. VII.

22. *Doth not a struggling warfare, etc.*

**צבא** *tsabha,a*, *warfare*—almost always used of a wretched and miserable condition. Gesen. Sig. 2.

23. *Misery*. So Gesenius, under **נחל** *nahal*, in HOPHAL.

24. *My parch'd up skin exudes, etc.*

See Gesenius, or **רגע** *ragha,a*, and II. **מאם** *ma,as*; the

former signifying *to be contracted, shrivelled*; the latter, *to melt, to flow abroad*. Thus Job's skin, contracted and shrivelled by his dreadful disease, and cracking in various places, permitted exudation from within, which hardening, left a loathsome crust upon the surface!

25. *Am I a monster? or th' unruly Deep?*

Is it necessary to watch me as Thou wouldest some dangerous and terrible monster? or to constrain me, as Thou dost the restless sea?

26. *How long a moment's respite be denied?*

Lit. (How long) *wilt Thou not desist till I swallow down my spittle?* a proverbial expression, somewhat difficult to clothe in poetic garb.

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## CHAP. IX.

27. *What heart so wise, so vast, what mortal might, etc.*

That the *wisdom and power* in this passage do not refer to the Divine Being is evident, from a glance at the original, which runs thus: *wise in heart, and mighty in strength, who hath resisted Him and prospered?* that is, who so wise, who so mighty, as to resist Him and prosper?

The meaning "*resist*," instead of "*harden*" is according to Boothroyd, who adduces Jerome and others as his authorities.

28. *Yet if I call will he an answer deign!*

Lit. *have I not called, and has he answered? I will not believe that he will listen to my voice.*

29. *If not to him, etc.*

Lit. *if not so, who is he (that doeth all this).*

## CHAP. X.

30. *Unto myself, my plaint will I address.*

Lit. *I will let loose against (or upon, or unto) myself, my complaint.*

31. *Confusion fills me, as my shudd'ring gaze.*

Lit. *I am full of shame, even seeing my affliction.*

32. *Oh that I ne'er, etc.*

If the former line be translated optatively, as in the common version, (and correctly so), the verb in this, and in the succeeding line, are in precisely the same tense.

## CHAP. XI.

33. *My conduct is upright.*

"This version," says Boothroyd, "is supported by the Greek, Syriac, and Arabic. Job had not said anything about the purity of his doctrine."

34. *The complicated counsels of His Throne.*

Gesenius translates this passage thus: "for God's wisdom has double folds:" that is, the wisdom of God is complicated, inexplicable.

**תושייה** *tooshiyyah*, which our translators render "*that which is*," signifies *counsel, wisdom*.

35. *If He come on against thee, etc.*

*And bring to judgment, etc.*

Gesenius renders **תלה** *halaph* in its third sense, *to come on against*; and **קהל** *qahal*, in HIPHIL, he renders, *to call together*, to judgment.

36. Lit. *And let the wild ass's colt be born a man.*

## CHAP. XII.

37. *And perfect wisdom, etc.*

This version is adopted from Boothroyd, who renders : "with you is the 'perfection' of wisdom." He gives no note on the passage, but probably had some authority for the substitution of תְּכֵלָה *perfection*, for תְּמוּת *will die*. The rendering adopted is not contended for, as the authorised version contains a fine irony, and may be versified thus :

Truly, ye are the people ! who but you !  
And when ye die, will wisdom perish too !

38. *As one derided by his friend am I,*

This verse, literally translated, runs thus :

*A derision to his friend am I become ; " he calleth upon God, —let Him answer him ! "* This taunt is the derision of which Job complains—as does the Messiah of that of the Jews in Ps. xxii. 7, 8.

39. *He who at ease, etc.*

This passage, here slightly paraphrased, is strangely and unintelligibly rendered in the common version. An error has manifestly arisen from regarding לָפֶד *lappeed*, as one word, and translating it accordingly "*lamp*,"—whereas it consists of two words, לָ *le, for* ; and פֶּד *peed, calamity*. See Gesenius under פֶּד *peed*.

The literal rendering, under this view, will run thus ;

*For calamity, is contempt, in the opinion of one living tranquilly, (towards) him near slipping with his foot, i.e., the calamity*

of him whose feet slip, is a matter of contempt in the opinion of the man at ease.

40. *And earth is chang'd again.*

The verb **הִפָּךְ** *haphak*, signifies (see Gesenius, 3), *to convert, change, transmute*, as well as *to overturn*; and in this passage, it seems to apply to the change brought on the earth by the periodical rains, common in the East.

41. Verse 22 is transposed from this place, and brought in after verse 25.

42. The two first verses of Chap. xiii. are restored to their proper place, at the end of Chap. xii.

### CHAP. XIII.

43. *Maxims—bulwarks.*

So Gesenius. See under **זִכָּרוֹן** *zikharon*, and **גַּב** *gabh*.

These wise maxims of yours, which you consider so convincing and overpowering, are no more, in my estimation, than ashes—these imposing sentiments, behind which, intrenching yourselves, you launch at me the weapons of your acrimony, are of no more value than bulwarks of brittle clay would be a shelter in ordinary warfare!

44. *Befall what may, etc.*

“So Schultens, and others; who consider that the expression **עָלַיִמָּה** *alaymah*, *on me*, (come) *what may*, at the close of the preceding verse, should be here read instead of **עַל־מָה** *al-mah*, *wherefore*,”—Boothroyd. The phrase “*I will take my flesh*

*in my teeth,*" seems to signify *I will endure anything*; and, "*to put the life in the hand,*" is an orientalism for *risk to the uttermost* in cases of extreme emergency.

45. *This.* The word חוּא *hoo,a*, signifies *this*, οὗτος as well as "*he.*" See Gesenius, in loco (b).

## CHAP. XIV.

46. *Thou, mine iniquities, dost amplify.*

See Gesenius under חָפַל *tapal*, *to frame lies*, figuratively—"Thou devisest (false things) upon mine iniquity;" that is, "Thou increasest my sins with false charges."

47. *If honour's banner, etc.*

This passage has been rather widely paraphrased. The last verse "*But his flesh upon him shall have pain, and (or, because) his soul within him (or, it) shall mourn:*" is extremely figurative. The dead body is, poetically, supposed to suffer pain, as the soul to mourn, at their mutual separation. Similarly, in Amos i. 2, "the pastures of the shepherd mourn."—Is. xxiv. 4, 7, "the new wine mourneth, the vine languisheth," and xxxiii. 9, "The earth mourneth and languisheth." The evident signification is, that the flesh on the body becomes corrupted, after the soul, the *anima*, the living principle, whereby the body existed, has sorrowfully departed from it.

## CHAP. XV.

48. *And doth a gentle and benign address.*

Our translators have mistaken the verb חָלַל *la,at*, *to wrap round, muffle, lie hid*, (whence, "*secret thing*") for חָלַל *at*, *gentle-*

ness, with the prefix ל la. See Gesenius, under וּל at, where this very passage is translated, "a word gently spoken to thee."

49. *Although.* The particle כִּי kee, bears this sense. Gesenius, in loco, (6) (e).

50. *Although he dwelt, etc.*

This is an extremely obscure passage, and runs, literally, thus; "And dwelt 'in cities destroyed, houses not inhabited by them, which are destined for (or hastening to) ruins." The meaning, in connection with the foregoing verse, seems to be; "though he once dwelt in cities now destroyed, and in houses once his own, but now no longer inhabited, all hastening to ruins, (doubtless because of his oppression), rich he shall never be, &c." The passage has been paraphrased on account of its obscurity.

51. *Ere he depart, etc.*

Lit. "Before his day, (i.e. of departure from this life) it shall be fulfilled:" i.e. this prediction.

52. *The habitations of Impiety.*

Lit. "the assembly of the impious:" the place has been substituted for the society, as more accordant with the succeeding figure, "the tents of bribery."

## CHAP. XVI.

53. *Oh, that with God my case might argued be!*

Lit. "Oh, that it might be pleaded for one with God!" i.e. oh, that one might plead with God!

54. *E'en now my years their destin'd end attain.*

Lit. "my years, (according to) number," or, "my years, (which

are) *a number*, (a definite number, so many,) *are come*;" i.e. to an end.

55. *My breath is spent.*

Heb. *to be destroyed, to perish.* This verse is attached to Chap. xvi, as more properly terminating both it, and the subject.

## CHAP. XVII.

56. *Say, who is he that shall strike hands with me?*

i.e. who will give his right hand to be surety for me?

57. *To these, etc.*

The sense of this passage seems to be, that whoever might be appointed surety, or umpire, Job objected to any of these his friends, whom he considered too ignorant and prejudiced for such an office.

58. *An object of contemptuous obloquy.*

Our English version is, "*aforetime I was as a tabret!*" this should be, lit. "*and that which is spit upon, (i.e. a spittoon; persice, peek-dan,) before them, am I become!*"

59. *Night unto me appointed is for day, etc.*

Lit. "*the night for the day they appoint: the light is near before the darkness.*" "Most critics," says Boothroyd, "allow that the verb *יָשִׁמוּ* *yaseemoo*, *they appoint*, is here used impersonally;" and Gesenius explains the latter clause thus; "the light will presently be changed into darkness."

60. *Henceforth I count my dwelling place the tomb.*

Lit. *Truly, I expect the grave, to be, or as, my house.*

## CHAP. · XVIII.

61. *How long wilt thou ensnaring words devise ?*

**קִנְיֵצֶי** *qintse, snares*, from **קִנְיָץ** *genets, a snare*. Lit. "until when will ye set snares to words?" this sense is far preferable to that of "end."

62. *O thou whose anger's, etc.*

"The vocative of the third person" says Boothroyd, "has been used for the second: compare Obadiah 3, 4, and Habak. ii. 15, 16."

63. *Because thou ragest, shall the mountains flee ?*

This is an exaggerated rendering of "*shall the rock be removed from its place ?*" but borne out by the context, and in keeping with Bildad's sarcastic address.

64. *His lamp above him, etc.*

The sense of "above," for the prep. **עַל** *al*, is here preferable to that of "with."

65. *Th' entangling noose, etc.*

The word **צָמִים** *tsameem*, translated "robber," in our version, is rendered "snare," by Gesenius, and others.

66. *And, as behind him, etc.*

Lit. *shall harass behind him, i.e. at his feet.*

**לְרֵגֶל** *le-reghel, at the foot*, is an idiom for, *behind any one, after any one, at his heels.*

67. *Dismay shall haunt his desolate abode.*

This passage is thus translated by Gesenius, under **בְּלִי** *belee* (c) " (Terror) dwells in his tent, so that it is no more his,"—he vacates it—flees from it.

## CHAP. XIX.

68. *Yet blush ye not at this oppressive wrong.*

So Septuagint and Jerome, οὐκ αἰσχυνόμενοι με ἐπ' ἐκείνου μοι. lxx. *et non erubescitis, opprimentes me.* Jerome,—and oppressing me, ye are not ashamed.

69. *Truly, if thus combining, ye assault, etc.*

Lit. “if, indeed, ye speak arrogantly against me, then prove against me my reproach.” i.e. that I have done the wrong you impute.

70. *And mine entreaties to my brethren's ears.*

So Gesenius on חַנָּה hannah (2) “and my entreaties to the sons of my belly; i.e. to my brethren;” whom, under בָּטֵן beten (2), Gesenius considers his uterine brothers.

71. *Within my frame scarce ling'reth life alone.*

A paraphrase of the idiomatic original, “and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.”

72. *Oh, that some hand would now my words enrol!*

This remarkable passage, to the end of the chapter, has been somewhat freely paraphrased, yet with scrupulous regard to what appears the true meaning of the original, which, from verse 26 to the end, runs, literally, thus :

“And, after my skin, (poet. for body), they shall have destroyed (or impers. and after my body shall have been destroyed).

*This (shall be), even in my flesh I shall see God.*

*Whom I shall see for myself.*

*And my eyes shall behold, and not (as) a stranger.*

*Languished have my reins within my bosom, (for this).*

*But should ye say, how shall we persecute him?*

*And a root of accusation be (thus) found against me ;  
 Fear ye, on account of the wasting sword !  
 For wrath (causes) the calamities of the sword.  
 To the intent ye may know that (there is) a judgment."*

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CHAP. XX.

73. *For the taunting word.*

Lit. *the chastisement of my reproach, i.e. my reproaching chastisement.*

74. *Although his pride, etc.*

Heb. *loftiness, which sense the context seems to demand.*

75. *Shall his sons redress.*

"His children shall conciliate (or reconcile themselves to) the poor," by restoring the goods taken from them. Gesenius.

76. *His wickedness.*

The common version renders "*their goods*;" but **וְאִישׁוֹ** *ono*, with *sing.* suffix, clearly refers to "*the wicked man*," in the *sing.* and not to "*the poor*," in the *plur.* Hence the sense of "*wickedness*," is derived from **אָוֵן** *aven*. See Gesenius under this word (3) and remark at end of (4.)

77. *Naught e'en for mere subsistence shall remain, etc.*

Lit. *nothing shall remain for his food; therefore shall he not expect his welfare.*

78. *His guilt, etc.*

This verse and the next, 27, 28, of the text, are transposed to this place, as more accordant with the sequence of the subject.

79. *All darkness hidden in God's treasures.*

So Gesenius under **טָמַן** *taman*: "all darkness is hidden in his (i.e. God's) treasures."

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## CHAP. XXI.

80. *That th' evil is preserved in trouble's day, etc.*

Lit. *that in the day of calamity the wicked is preserved: in the day of divine wrath they are led away.*

Job denies the assertion of his friends that wicked men are always punished in this world; and argues that they are, frequently, preserved in time of trouble; referring, in the preceding verse, to the experience of travellers on this subject.

81. *So to the grave, etc.*

Lit. *He is borne to the tomb, and, beside his sepulchral heap, he, (i.e. the watcher) keeps watch.*

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## CHAP. XXII.

82. *Will he consent to plead?*

So in Davidson's Lexicon; **יָבַח** *yakhah*, v. *to contend, plead, reason.*

83. *And strip the clothing from the poor distress'd.*

The common version renders "*naked*;" to strip clothing from whom would be difficult! The idea of "*distressed poor*," is adopted from the rendering of the word by Gesenius, "*ragged, badly clad*."

84. *And, whom thou favoredst, etc.*

**נְשׂוּאָנִים** *nesoo-panim*, *the accepted of countenance*, a phrase, applicable to a king, or a judge who favors the cause of

those who bring gifts." Gesenius. The practice of offering gifts, as bribes, or, at least, as recommendations to favor, is universal in the East.

85. *Thou dost, indeed, the early course maintain.*

What Eliphaz here says is rendered affirmatively instead of interrogatively, the ה *ha*, being viewed as an article, not an adv. of interrog. "Thou dost *keep* the old way which men of iniquity have trodden." שָׁמַר *shamar*, in its fourth sense, is to *keep, observe*.

86. *Truly, was not destroy'd their haughty pow'r?*

Our version is, here, altogether inaccurate. The original runs, literally thus :

*Truly, was not destroyed "their" elevation?*

*And did not the fire consume their excellency?*

It is true that in the Hebrew text the word for *elevation* is followed by the suffix in the *first* pers. plur. "our;" but as the second clause of the verse has "*their*," suffixed to *excellency*, the nature of the argument, and the parallelisms of the Hebrew, seem to indicate that the pronoun ought to be in the third pers. plur. in the first clause likewise.

87. *Commune with God now!*

The idea of *communion* with God seems to be borne out by the root, which signifies, to *inhabit, dwell* with any one, rather than "*to acquaint*," particularly as the latter rendering requires the addition of the pronoun, "*thyself*," which exists not in the original: and *commune* requires no such addition to the text.

88. *Thy mine of wealth,—treasures of gold and silver unto thee.*

Lit. *thine ore of gold and silver,—money of treasures to thee.*

89. *Though men depress, exalted shalt thou rise, etc.*

This passage is obscure, and seems elliptical: it appears to run thus; "*though [men] cast down, even Thou, [God] shalt say 'a lifting up!'*"

90. *Yea, He will snatch the guilty from the grave.*

The common version is, "*He shall deliver the island of the innocent!*" This rendering, which conveys no sense whatever, arose from taking יִי ee, to signify "*an island,*" which indeed it does, though not in this passage. The word יִי is also a *privative*, bearing the sense of our privatives, *un-in-non-not*, etc., and should, in this verse, be so translated. Thus we have, instead of *the island of the innocent*, simply the *not-innocent*—i.e. "*the guilty.*" See Gesenius on יִי III.

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#### CHAP. XXIII.

91. *Yet, unto me is darkness still denied.*

What appears to be the meaning is given. Job had long wished and prayed for death; and now seems to complain that though his heart is made to melt away, &c., the darkness of the tomb is still denied him.

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#### CHAP. XXIV.

92. *O, wherefore, by the All-pow'rful, etc.*

This passage is obscure and perplexing: the idea conceived of its true meaning is given in paraphrase. The original may be translated in several ways: as in the common version; or even more literally, thus;

*Why, by the Almighty are not seasons laid up?*

*And, [why] do not those knowing him, see his days?*

This appears to yield the clearest sense,—for the argument, as in the ordinary version, that *those knowing* the Almighty, should see his days, *because* times, or events, are not hidden from *Him*, is based on no reason whatever; whereas the other rendering is a query, why God does not lay up seasons of vengeance in store for great crimes, [such as Job proceeds to enumerate], that those knowing *Him* might look on in the day of visitation. Compare Ps. xci. 8, and Eccles. viii. 11.

93. *Their sheaves who carry home;*

The word נָשָׂא *nasa,a*, in this place, signifies *to bear, take away, carry*; “*they bearing the sheaf, are hungred.*”

94. *Turns not God His eye.*

A phrase for *regardeth*; which, here, the verb שׁוּם *soom*, or שִׁים *seem*, signifies.

95. *But seal themselves up, etc.*

So Gesenius, under חָתַם *hatam*, in PIEL; “*in the day they hide themselves;*” properly, “*they shut up an enclosure around themselves.*”

96. *Doth to their gaze, as death-shade's terrors seem.*

The verb נָכַר *nakhar*, translated, in the ordinary text, “*know*,” signifies in HIPHIL, *to gaze at, contemplate*. So Gesenius and Davidson. “*For it is gazed at, or contemplated, as the terrors of the shadow of death.*”

97. *As scum upon the waters, etc.*

The adjective קָל *qal*, signifies “*light;*” and the version is,

"a light (thing) he on the face of the waters (is, or should be). Scum, froth, bubble, is surely the idea contained here. The sense of "swift," in the common version, contains no meaning, nor agrees with the primary signification of the root קלל *qalal*, to be light, not heavy.

98. *No treading of the vineyards, etc.*

The radical signification of the verb דרך *darak*, is to tread with the feet, trample: hence arises the noun for path, way, that which is trampled: but, the connection, in this passage, seems to require the radical power of the word, i.e. a treading.

## CHAP. XXVI.

99. *Beneath the teeming waters' gloomy bed.*

This is confessedly a most obscure passage. The common version is wholly devoid of meaning, or truth of any kind. The Hebrew is, literally, as follows:—"The REPHAEM tremble from below the waters, and their inhabitants." Who, then, are the Rephaem? According to Gesenius and Davidson, they are the manes, or shades of the Dead, in Hades; which place, the Jews always considered to be under the earth, even under the lowest part of its surface; which is, manifestly, the deepest bed of the ocean.

The word "tremble," for "are formed," as in the common version, is the meaning given by both Gesenius and Davidson to חול *hool*, in PILEL, into which form the verb is changed from PULAL, by the alteration of a single vowel point: and "the inhabitants," appearing to refer to the finny tribes of the waters, (though this may admit of doubt), has been signified by the word "teeming."

Such is the only rational view I have been able to obtain of this passage, and whether absolutely correct or not, it is, at least, sensible and sublime.

100. *On ocean's face, He hath describ'd a bound.*

Lit. *A boundary hath he drawn as a circle, on the face of the waters.*

101. *Their pride repress.*

"*Pride*," (as it is properly rendered in the margin of the Bible) here manifestly refers, poetically, to that of the ocean and its billows.

102. *The Serpent of the North.*

*The fleeing or shooting serpent*," or, in our version, "*the crooked serpent*." As this, may, probably, signify the constellation *Serpens*, or *Serpentarius*, I have called it, "*the Serpent of the North*."

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## CHAP. XXVII.

103. *The works of God.*

Heb. "*The hand of God*;" which means the operations thereof.

104. *Yet vainly argue it is always so.*

Lit. "*And why, then, do ye idly talk vanity*."

I have given the above turn to the sense, in order to render Job consistent with himself; and, in fact, to bring out clearly what he evidently means. He had been inveighing against his friends for affirming that the wicked are *always* punished in this world: he is about to corroborate the fact of wicked men and oppressors being, indeed, punished, but even they, not *invariably*, and as a thing of course, in this present state, as his friends had pertinaciously maintained.

105. *It presseth on him with unsparing force, etc.*

It is self-evident that the "*east-wind*," and not "*God*," as in the common version, is the antecedent here. The lit. translation of verses 22, 23, is as follows :

*And it shall cast (itself) on him, and not spare ; From its hand (i.e. power) fleeing, he would flee ; It (third pers. sing. masc., agreeing with east-wind) shall clap both hands at him, and hiss him from his place.* This is one of the boldest, and most magnificent prosopopœias in any age or language ; clothing, as it were, the force, and hissing sound of the tempest-breath of the desert, with the terribleness and scorn of an infuriate foe !

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#### CHAP. ' XXVIII.

106. *And copper from the stone is smelted forth.*

"Brass," as in the common version, is a compound metal, never found in the ore.

107. *Man puts an end to darkness, etc.*

According to Gesenius, the translation of this passage is thus :

*He, (i.e. man) puts an end to darkness, and, as far as all the extremity, (i.e. in the most profound recesses of the earth) he searches out the stones of thick darkness, and of death-shade. He breaks a channel, i.e. (sinks a shaft) from where he dwells : they swing down : (the very mode by which miners descend !) forgotten of the foot, they wander from men."* This yields a fine sense,—Does the common version ?

108. *When, for the wind, a balance He had made.*

The particle *la*, has the signification of *when*. See Gesenius on this particle (B) (2) (a).

## CHAP. XXIX.

109. *In prosp'rous fulness flow'd.*

The common version has "youth." Boothroyd translates "prosperity;" and surely, the word חֹרֵף *horeph*, signifying autumn, the season in which fruits are gathered, indicates prosperous circumstances, rather than youth: in Job's case, particularly, who being the father of ten children at the time of his calamity, could not have been a young man.

110. *Through the o'erruling council of my God.*

The original is, "by, or, through the council, (or, synod) of God above my tabernacle." This is the first sig. in Gesenius of סוֹר *sod*, and "secret" is the fourth. It is difficult to understand how the divine secret could be upon a man's dwelling; but the idea of the divine synod being assembled over his tabernacle, as if to hold consultation for his welfare, is sublimely bold. Job attributes his former prosperity to the council of his God, sitting over his affairs.

111. *My bow in strength abode.*

The common version has "renewed," and, marginally, *changed*. In Gesenius, under HIPHIL (3) of the verb חָלַף *halaph*, is the sense of to gain new strength: also in Davidson, to revive, to flourish again.

112. *Yet ne'er abus'd the light that on them beamed.*

Lit. "And the light of my countenance they did not make to fall;" i. e. make sad; which appears to mean that they did not abuse the grace he conferred upon them, by any liberty, presumption, or impropriety of behaviour; thereby changing the light of His countenance to sadness.

## CHAP. XXX.

113. *Every excellence.*

The common version has "*old age*." Boothroyd translates "*manly excellence*;" Gesenius, "*completion*:" "in whom completion is perished—who cannot complete anything." Another Lexicon gives "*wealth, insolence*." *Completion*, or *fulness*, being the preponderating power of the word, *moral fulness*, or *excellence*, seems as fair a meaning as any.

114. *Who, famishing through penury and dearth, &c.*

Lit. "Who, through want, and through hunger, famishing, were prowling the arid earth, yesterday (*i. q.* formerly) in wastes and desolations.

115. *'Neath the bramble-shade.*

The signification of "*nettle*," as in the common version, seems inapposite here; inasmuch, as no person would crouch under the large burning nettles of the east. The term "*thorny-shrub*" is given in one Lexicon, and Boothroyd renders "*thorns*."

116. *Flagitious, wretches, men without a name, &c.*

This verse runs, literally thus—"Abandoned children, yea, children without a name; scourged (or, expelled) from the land."

117. *Or spit, audacious, e'en before my face!*

That is, *in my presence*. In the East, to spit in any one's presence, is considered the grossest insult; and, any one desirous of expressing his utter abhorrence, detestation, or scorn, spits vehemently on the ground. To spit in the *face*, is an incorrect rendering, both here and elsewhere, as Deut. xxv. 9.

118. *None, none to help, upon my side engage.*

Heb. "*There is no helper for him!*" This is the taunt of his persecutors, as in Ps. xxii. 8.

119. *My dignity exaleth as a breath.*

The word נְדִיבָה or נְדִבָה *nedhibhah*, or *nedheebhah*, in the common version translated "*soul*," Davidson and Gesenius render *nobility, excellence*. "My excellence departeth as the wind." The verb translated, in the common version, "*they pursue*," is in the third pers. *sing. fem.* agreeing with its nom. *nedheebhah* a fem. noun.

120. *My gnawing pains preclude, etc.*

Gesenius renders this passage: "*those that gnaw me (i. e. my pains) are not quiet.*"

121. *Lifting, Thou madst me ride as on the wind. etc.*

This passage is obscure: it appears to signify the contrast between his former and present state.

122. *Yet, there, at least, Thou wilt not stretch Thy hand, etc.*

Boothroyd renders; "*Yet He would not put forth His hand to the tomb; but, in its destruction, there would be safety.*" The word "*safety*," is a variation from the Syriac; and some variation from the text seems essential, for there is no meaning to it as it now stands, viz: "*nor in his destruction to them (fem.) a cry.*" Gesenius, indeed, under בְּעִי *be,ee*, regarding the ב as radical, translates the passage thus: "Prayer avails not when God stretches out the hand—nor in his destruction does outcry profit them;" or, more verbatim, "Surely, no prayer (avails) should He stretch forth (His) hand; nor in his destruction (profits) to them an outcry." As, however, "*to them*" is in the *fem.* and stands in no connection with any antecedents, and this latter version seemed strained, that of Boothroyd, with the Syriac variation, is preferable, and certainly yields a better sense.

The words **לָהֶן** *lahen*, to them, fem., and **שׁוּעַ** *shoo*, a, a cry, in the text, are, not impossibly, old manuscript errors for **לָהֶן** *lahen*, therefore, and **שְׁלֵוֹ** *shelev*, tranquillity, security; or **יֵשַׁע** *yesha*, a, safety. In this view, the distich will bear a simple, and excellent sense:

“Yet, not to the grave-heap will He stretch forth (his) hand:

“Verily, in its destruction, *therefore*, (will be) tranquillity, (or safety.)”

123. *Should I not weep as one in lot oppress'd? &c.*

Lit. *Should I not weep as one of hard day?* (i.e. whose life is afflicted.)

*Should not my soul be sad, as one miserable?*

The particle **לֵ** *le*, has the sense of *as, as if, like*, here given to it: and the subjunctive rendering of the verbs is quite allowable.

124. *For days of keen affliction are my lot.*

Lit. “*Days of affliction are come upon me.*”

125. *Jackalls—Ostriches.*

So the Lexicons. Both these animals howl and cry most mournfully through the night.

## CHAP. XXXI.

126. *All the produce of my field.*

Heb. *Things which spring up*, from the field.

127. *When pow'r attended my command.*

Heb. *my help in the gate*; an orientalism, descriptive of authority and influence.

128. *If e'er against me, &c.*

Verses 38, 39, 40, are transposed to this place for the sake of the more appropriate sequence of the subject.

129. *Attest not they who in my tent abide, &c.*

The literal rendering of this verse is: *Do not the men of my tabernacle say "who wilt give (i.q. O that we had!) of his flesh? We were not satisfied."* This seems to be an elliptical passage; as if it were, *Do not the men of my tabernacle say, "Who among us ever longed for his food, and then said, we were not satisfied?"*

130. *Let the great multitude my soul appal, &c.*

This passage is extremely obscure in the common version. It may be rendered verbatim, *Let me dread the great multitude, and let the scorn of the tribes terrify me; and let me be silent, and not go out of the door!*

131. *Behold my pledge!*

*My sign, or pledge, or challenge.* The whole passage is in the imprecatory form.

132. *The charge on which, &c.*

Heb. *writing* of any kind; e.g. *bill, charge, accusation, &c.* &c., as well as "*book.*"

133. *By it, &c.*

Heb. *according to it*—to the very charge itself.

The presumptuous boldness of this passage is truly amazing: it is even sublime in its audacity! The unfounded aspersions of his friends, consciousness of his own rectitude, and the anguish of his protracted sufferings, doubtless lashed the now impatient sufferer to this climax of daring presumption.

## CHAP. XXXII.

134. *Elihu, long, the answer of Job's friends.*

Lit. *Now Elihu waited for the words of Job*; that is, words in reply to Job: for the succeeding pron. is in the plur.—“*they*” were elder in days, *i.e.* his friends, who made no rejoinder to Job's last speech.

135. *Mind, truly dwells in all men, &c.*

Lit. *Surely there is a spirit in man, but the Spirit of the Almighty causeth him to understand.*

136. *By God, not man, must he be overthrown.*

Lit. *God will put him to flight,—not man.*

The future of oriental verbs contains many shades of signification, which, among the languages of the west, require distinct moods and tenses. In this passage, the future conveys an *obligatory* sense: *e.g.* “Lest ye should say we have found out wisdom, (*i.e.* to confute him) God *must* conquer him, not man.

137. *They are amaz'd—lo, they respond no more, &c.*

Verses 15, 16, may be thus translated, verbatim: *they are confounded! they answer not again! words are taken away from them! And I wait, nevertheless they speak not, but stand up! they answer not again!* words singularly expressive of inability for further argument.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

138. *And chosen knowledge, &c.*

בָּרַר *baroor*, part. pass. of the verb *to choose, select.*

139. *Lo, with respect to God, alike we stand.*

Lit. *Behold, I am as thyself, with respect to God.*

140. *The racking of his bones is fierce and strong.*

Lit. *the contention of his bones is constant, (or strong).* Our translators seem to have confounded רִב *ribh*, i.q. רֵיב *reebh*, contention, with רֹב *robh*, "multitude."

141. *The truths essential, &c.*

יֹשֶׁר *yosher*, straightness of way: fig. *what is right, what ought to be done, that which is just and meet.* Gesenius.

142. *And stand endued with righteousness divine.*

Lit. *And he will render unto the man His righteousness.* The divine righteousness is here meant; what else could impart peace to one represented as going down to the pit? what else justify him in the eyes of a holy God?

143. *'Mong men shall he, exulting sing, and say, &c.*

Our translators have entirely misapprehended this passage; and taking יֹשֶׁר *yashor* as the fut. of the verb שׁוּר *shoor*, to see, behold, have changed the succeeding pron. "my," in v. 28, into "his," to carry out their interpretation. Now שִׁיר *sheer*, to sing, is, here, the true root of יֹשֶׁר *yashor*, he will sing; and the part. עַל *al*, signifies among, apud, as well as "upon." The passage thus explained, runs verbatim, thus:—*He shall sing among men, and shall say, I sinned, and that which is right I perverted. But it hath not been made even to me, (i.e. my sin hath not received its just award). He hath delivered my soul from going to the pit, that my life upon the light may look.*

See both Gesenius and Davidson, on שִׁיר *sheer*.

## CHAP. XXXIV.

144. *Were God 'gainst man, &c.*

Here is one out of numerous passages wherein the future must be construed subjunctively: e.g.

"*Should God set His heart upon man, (i.e. in judgment) He would take away his breath and his spirit; all flesh would perish together, and man would turn again to dust.*

145. *God ne'er to man will more than just impute, &c.*

This is an obscure passage. It runs, literally, thus: *For He will not against man impute more (than just?) for bringing (him) unto God in judgment.*

146. *No need hath He to search what time to tread, &c.*

This passage is somewhat freely rendered: it stands lit. as follows, translated according to Gesenius:—

*He breaks in pieces the mighty without searching:*

*And sets up others in their stead:*

*Because He knows their works:*

*He even turns the night (on them) and they are crushed.*

*Because they are wicked,*

*He smites them in the habitation of beholders, &c.*

147. *Lo, I have err'd &c.*

The radical sense of נָשָׂא *nasa*, is, *to take up, lift up*. Now as this passage is admitted to be elliptical, it may bear the meaning of נָשָׂא אֶעֱלֶיחֶטָא *nasa-alayo-heta*, *to take, or lay sin upon one's self*, i.e. to contract it: in which view Job is instructed to confess that he has sinned, but will not sin again.—See Gesenius, under נָשָׂא *nasa*, (1).

148. *Thou choosing, or refusing, not the Lord.*

Doubtless, Elihu here assumes the language of God: *Will*

*He recompense according to thy mind, (and say) "whether thou, and not I refuse or choose?"*

149. *My wish.*

Some contend that this word should be translated "*my father*," but the sense manifestly requires that it should be derived from אָבָהּ *abhah*, to breathe after, desire, wish, forming the noun אָב *abh*, desire. See Gesenius and Davidson, in loco.

149. *Like wicked men,*

So the 8th sig. of בִּי *be*, in Gesenius; *as, like as, in the manner of.*

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CHAP. XXXV.

150. *To me indeed, &c.*

In this passage לָךְ *lak*, to thee; is manifestly an erroneous insertion for לִי *lee*, to me; as the first pers. sing. in the two ensuing verbs demonstrates. Our translators have mistaken the sense, and, to educe their own idea, have added many words in italics; always a suspicious mode of treating Scripture. The Hebrew stands, *literatim*, thus:

*For thou hast said, what profits it "to me?"*

*What am I benefitted than had I sinned?*

For חַטָּאתִי *hatta, athee*, my sin, read חַטָּאתִי *hatta, athee*, I had sinned.

151. *Cry the distress'd the multitude among.*

This passage, without any italicized words, runs thus:—

*From among the multitude the oppressed cry out.*

*They roar, because of the arm of the mighty.*

152. *Or if they cry, &c.*

Lit. *There they cry, and he answereth not :*

What appears the sense has been given, agreeably to James iv. 2, 3. In verse 10, they are represented as *not* calling on God : again, in v. 12, they call, but are not answered, because of their pride.

153. *Although thou canst not see him be thy cry.*

Job had much and frequently complained of God not appearing to justify him.

154. *Thy cause is with him.*

This version is strictly literal : and how much better an argument for trusting God, than because "*judgment was before him.*"

155. *But now, because his wrath he still restrains, &c.*

This verse is sadly confused by our translators ; it reads simply thus :—

*But now, because he hath not visited (in) (or, inquired for), his anger ; and hath not severely regarded arrogance.*

## CHAP. XXXVI.

156. *When grief hath oped their ears, &c.*

Lit. *And by distress (or calamity) uncovereth their ears.* To uncover, or open the ears, is a Hebraism for conveying admonition.

157. *A table had he laid, &c.*

Lit. *And that set on thy table (i.q. provision) full of fatness.*

158. *But, like the wicked man, if thou wilt plead, &c.*

This passage is abstruse. May not **רִיב** *deen*, bear the meaning of *contending in a cause*, that is, of *pleading*; and if so, the passage will stand thus:—*But, the pleading of the wicked shouldst thou fulfil, Pleading and judgment hold together!*

i.e., the one follows the other. Job *had pleaded* with God: he had not, indeed, espoused the *cause* of the wicked, as our version implies; still, he had *pleaded* irreverently and presumptuously, and was warned lest divine judgment should follow such audacious contention with God.

159. *What so low can smite?*

The common version is “*who teacheth like Him?*” Now, the primary and radical sense of **מָרָה** *marah*, is *to stripe, to lash*; so Gesenius: and this sense, in contrast with that of exaltation, in the first hemistich, is in harmony with both the subject and the language. Our translators have derived **מוֹרָה** *moreh* from **יָרָה** *yarah*, *to teach*; but **מָרָה** *marah*, *to smite*, is likewise the root of a word similarly written and pointed.

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## CHAP. XXXVII.

160. *Take heed thou magnify, &c.*

The concluding verses of the 36th Chap. are placed at the commencement of the 37th, from v. 24, as more in unison with the succeeding, than the preceding subject.

161. *In praise of which should every tongue combine.*

Our translators have derived **שֹׁרֶרֶוּ** *shorerov*, from **שׁוּר** *shoor*, *to see, view, behold*, and have accordingly rendered, “*which*

men behold." But, the true root here, is שׁוּר *sheer*, to sing of, to celebrate in song: whence, the rendering should be, *which men should praise, or, celebrate with song.*

162. 'Tis He attracts the aqueous drops on high.

The rendering of the verb גָּרַע *ghara,a*, in PIEL, by Gesenius, is to draw up, to draw in, attract. "For He draws up the drops of water."

The sense of "making small," as in our version, does not appear in the Lexicons.

163. As rain, in vapour bound, amid the sky.

The reason for this mode of rendering this passage is as follows:—זָקַק *zaqaq*, signifies, to tie fast, to bind together, as well as to pour forth: hence, the translation of verses 27, 28, will be, *literatim*, thus:

*For he draws up the drops of water;*

*They bind together the rain, in its vapour; (vapoury state) which the clouds distil, and drop upon man, abundantly.*

Modern science could not more perfectly explain the manner in which the rain is generated in the clouds, and distilled upon the earth.

164. Who can th' o'ershadowing of the skies make known? &c.

Lit. Yea, who may explain the expansion of the clouds,—the crashings of his tabernacle?

In this passage יָבִין *yabeen*, is considered as הִפְחִיל of בֵּין *been*, and therefore, to signify, to cause to understand, explain, make known. The "crashings of His tabernacle," is the loftily poetical description of the rolling thunder of the cloud-hung sky.

165. Wherewith the sea's dark depths resplendent gleam.

Lit. The bottom of the sea, he covereth.

As the lightning and thunder have just been depicted, it is assumed that the meaning here is, that God covereth the bottom of the sea with the gleam of his lightning—a bold and grand figure,—yet not too much so, for the sublime personifications of this wonderful book.

166. *By these, ungodly nations, &c.*

That is, by His atmospheric operations, punishing some with their injurious effects, and blessing others with their benign influences.

167. *The lightning covereth the vaulted skies, &c.*

Verses 32, 33, are, in our common version, utterly and hopelessly unintelligible; and it is amazing how wise men could have tolerated a rendering so unworthy of the dignity of the word of God. The following strictly literal version, yields a sublime sense:

*Over the vaulted skies, covereth the lightning; and he chargeth unto it concerning him he maketh, or, causeth (it) to fall on. He announceth unto it his friend. It possesseth wrath against iniquity.*

The grammatical proofs for the astonishing difference between this and the common version, are quite conclusive, and are as follows:

**על** *al*. This prep., in our version, “with,” signifies also “over.”

**כַּפּוּיִם** *kappaeem*, from **כָּפַף** *kapap*, to bend, or bow down, to hollow, to vault, rendered by Parkhurst and others, *the vaulted skies*.

**כִּסָּה** *kissah*, covereth, agreeing with its nom. *lightning*.

**אוֹר** *or*, a word for *the lightning*, as well as *light*.

**וַיִּצֶן** *wayetsao*, and he chargeth.

עֲלֶיהָ *aleha*, unto it, agreeing with אֹר *or*, here allowed by Gesenius to be once feminine.

בְּמִפְגֵּעָה *be-mapgeea*, concerning him *He causeth it to fall on*; the particle בְּ *be*, bears the sense of *concerning*, and מִפְגֵּעָה *mapgeea* is the HIPHIL part. of the verb פָּגַע *paghaa*, which, in HIPHIL, signifies "to cause (any thing) to fall upon (any one)."

Verse 33, יָגִיד *yageed*, he sheweth: here, *God* is nom. to verb.

עָלָיו *alayo*, unto it. Our version has "concerning it," but the above is the more simple rendering.

רֵעֵה *re, o*, his friend. This word, in our version, "the noise thereof," possesses two roots; one רָעָה *ra,ah*, the other רָעָה *rooa*; the former signifying to associate with, and forming the noun רֵעֵה *re,a*, a friend: the latter to make a loud noise, and forming the noun for "noise," spelled and pointed precisely as that for "friend."

מִקְנֵה *miqneh*. This word forms, according to the pointing, either a noun or participle, from the root קָנָה *qanah*, to possess. As a noun, it signifies *possessions*; and, as flocks and herds formed the principal wealth of the ancients, it stands, metonymically, for "cattle," which is the idea our translators have adopted; but as a participle, it would mean, *possessing*, or *possessor*, a *possessor* of wrath, or as Greenfield has translated, a *magazine* of wrath.

אֵף *ap*, wrath. This word, our translators have rendered "also:" and this, indeed, is the signification of an *adverb*, similarly spelled: but here it is a *noun* as in Ps. ii. 5; and elsewhere, and means *wrath*.

עַל *al*, against, in our version, "*concerning*:" both renderings are equally correct.

עוֹלָה *oleh*. The meaning of this word depends on the pointing. As in the text, it is derived from עָלָה *alah*, to go up, and signifies any thing which goeth up, hence "*vapour*." But the root עוּל *aval*, to decline, turn aside, act wickedly, forms the noun עוֹלָה *avlah*, iniquity, wickedness, so used in Chap. xxiv. 20. The version, then, of our translators is indeed, grammatically, admissible; yet, formed on the wrong idea, it becomes sheer nonsense: while nothing can be more sublimely magnificent than the version here offered, which is in harmony with the whole of Elihu's discourse, and needs not the aid of one word in italics.

168. *The muttering voice yon gath'ring clouds among.*

Heb. *the raging of his voice*. Possibly, the clouds of an eastern storm were gathering, and the voice of the thunder was audible in the distance.

169. *'Neath the whole heav'ns his lightning flash extends.*

By rendering the conjunction וְ "*even*," instead of "*and*," "*the lightning*" becomes the subject of this distich:

*Beneath the whole heavens he directeth it,  
Even His lightning, unto the ends of the earth.*

170. *Can trace those symbols, &c.*

Lit. *Yet none can trace them, when he hears his voice*. The sense of *to trace*, is borne out by the root עָקַב *aqabh*, to come from behind, as one following, or tracking out. This yields a noble idea, but the common version yields none at all.

171. *Whereby he stays the lowly works of man.*

According to Gesenius, "*He seals up the hand of every man ;* i.e. restrains them from labour—hinders them from using their hands." The passage, however, may also signify, *He sets a seal upon the hand* (i.e. work) *of every man, &c.* as if, after man had ploughed and sowed, and performed all that lay in his power, God by the fertilizing rain, set a seal upon his labours. In this view the distich might run :—

Sealing, thereby, the handiwork of man,  
That all may learn His crowning work to scan.

172. *With rain, he burdeneth the cloud.*

"*Watering*," or irrigation, is, here, evidently used for *rain*: lit. also, by *watering* (i.q. rain) *He burdeneth the cloud*. The idea of irrigating the cloud, and so, *burdening* it, is beautifully poetic.

173. *Anon, his light dispels the aqueous shroud.*

1718 *oro*, *His light*, is here taken as nom. to the verb, which turns the passage thus; *His light disperses the cloud*.

174. *Thus, by the guidance of his sov'reign hand, &c.*

Lit. *And he (their) revolutions turning by his guidance, for their doing all that he appoints them, upon the face of the habitable world, whether for a rod (i.q. correction) or for mercy, he causes it to come on his land*. In the last hemistich, one **DN** *im*, is, manifestly, redundant.

175. *All speech is lost, &c.*

This verse, as it stands, is very incomprehensible. Literally, it is, *if a man speak, surely, will be swallowed up*. The question is, *what* will be swallowed up? Not Elihu, certainly! May not his speech, understood, be noun to the verb *swallowed up*, or, *lost*? This idea is hazarded; as if all speech were vain to pourtray the majesty and excellence of the Divine Being, of whom, in His natu-

ral works, the most vivid description is but feeble, and utterly inadequate.

176. *E'en now, the sparkling radiance on high.*

This distich runs literally thus :

*And now, they cannot gaze on the light (when) it is shining on the skies ; And the wind passeth, and cleanseth them, (i.e., the skies). When the passing wind has cleared the skies, men cannot gaze even upon their brightness ; how much less upon the majesty of God !*

177. *Bright, though that golden splendour, &c.*

**זָהָב** *zahabh*, signifies *gold-shining*, resplendent as gold—applied here to the splendour of the heavens, when cleared from all clouds, by bright, fine weather.

Lit. *From the north, golden splendor cometh ;*

*With God (is) awful majesty.*

178. *Him, how should men revere, &c.*

Lit. *Therefore men should venerate him ;*

*None of the wise of heart can see (Him).*

i.e. see him with their mental eye, *understand him.*

with a negation, signifies *no one, none.*

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

179. *When from the womb, its bursting fury roll'd.*

There is no need of the supplemental words "*as if*," to this magnificent passage, which stands, literally, *when, bursting forth, it issued from the womb* : i.e. from the inner recesses of the earth.

180. *When I brake up for it my place prepar'd.*

179. This passage admits of another rendering, e.g., *When I assigned unto it mine ordinance (or, decree);* but as the primary meaning of **חוק** *hoq*, is *something established, fixed, appointed*, and the primary meaning of the verb is, *to break up*; and, as the ordinance or decree, even God's command to the sea, is mentioned in the succeeding verse, the usual translation seems, here, the correct one.

181. *Here shall the billows of thy pride be stay'd.*

The verb is here impersonal, and the passage elliptical.

*Here shall (one) put (a bound) to the pride of thy waves.*

182. *Earth's face it changes, as the seal, the clay, &c.*

Lit. It (i.e. the earth) is *turned (or changed) as clay (by) the seal.* (i.e., as the seal changes the clay, or wax, on which it is impressed, from mere blankness to beauty.) *And they (i.e. the scenes of Nature) stand forth like a splendid robe.* See Gesen. on **לְבִישׁ** *lebhush*.

183. *Thus, by its beam, &c.*

That is, by the returning light of the morning, the deeds of darkness are stayed.

184. *The region, &c.*

The word **דֶּרֶךְ** *derek*, bears this meaning, as **דֶּרֶךְ הַיָּם** *derek-hayyam*, the maritime district: lit., the way of the sea; so here, the region of light.

185. *Thy wisdom, doubtless, can its bound'ry show! &c.*

Lit. *So that thou mayest take us to its boundary!*

*And so that thou mayest know the paths to its house!*

*Thou knowest, because thou wast then born!*

*And the number of thy days is great!*

The keen irony in this passage is not brought out in the common version.

186. *What law divides, &c.*

The insertion of "*which*," in the common version, destroys the sense, which stands thus:—

*By what way is the lightning divided?*

*(Or) the east wind dispersed over the earth?*

187. *Stone-like becomes the frozen water's breast.*

The meaning of the original, as it now stands, is incomprehensible, viz.,

*The waters lie hid, like a stone.*

Boothroyd's version is, "the waters become hard as a stone," but he gives us no explanatory note. Possibly, the verb **חָבַה** *habha*, to lie hid, may have been erroneously substituted for one signifying to make hard.

188. *The Pleiades—Orion—Mazzaroth, &c.*

The verses (31, 32) in which the above appear, run, *literatim*, thus:

"Hast thou fastened together the bands of *Keemah*?

Or the cords of *Keseel* canst thou loosen?

Canst thou lead forth *Mazzaroth*, in his season?

And *Aish*, with her sons, canst thou direct them?"

Expositors widely vary in their opinions on this passage. Some maintain that it refers to the four seasons of the year; others merely to certain constellations.

*Keemah*, signifying *heap, cluster*, is, universally, admitted to represent the *Pleiades*.

*Keseel*, according to many of the ancient translators, is *Orion*, which, the Orientals call the *giant*; regarding the constellation as

the figure of a giant, bound to the sky. Others conjecture it may designate *Antares*, in the constellation *Scorpio*; from one of the significations of the root, *to be languid, inert*, representing, thus, the season of Autumn.

*Mazzaroth*, is considered to be identical with *Mazzaloth*, by interchange of the letters *r* and *l*; no meaning for the former word being obtainable from its root, which is unused. *Mazzaloth*, from *nazal*, signifies *alighting* or *lodging-places*, as of the Sun; hence, the Hebrews gave this name to the twelve signs of the zodiac. The word is used in 2 Kings xxiii. 5, and, there, rendered *planets*, or (marg.) *the twelve signs*.

According to some, *mazzaroth* may be derived from *nazar*, and signify *corona-borealis*, the northern crown; or may be identical with *mazzareem*, stars scattered about the north pole; it is also thought to represent *Sirius*, the Dog-star: or may even embrace the chambers of the south. Others read *ma,azaroth*, a belt, the belt of Orion. The fact, however, of the pronominal suffix ך ("his season") being in the *sing. masc.* seems to militate against either *mazzaroth*, or *mazzaloth* being a noun in the *fem. plur.* Can it signify the Sun himself?

*Ash*, or *A,ish* is regarded as the constellation *Ursa major*, the great bear; and "her sons," the three stars in the tail. Why our translators have adopted the name *Arcturus*, for *A,ish*, *Arcturus* being a bright star in the constellation *Bootes*, is not apparent.

May not *A,ish*, from its Arabic radical meaning, *to go about by night*, signify the polar star, which, as a *nightly watcher*, never closes its sleepless eye; and "her sons," the stellar glories which revolve around it?

188. *Who hath put wisdom in their glancing light,  
Or giv'n discernment to the meteor's flight?*

Boothroyd translates this verse thus :

“ Who hath put wisdom in their wild motions ?  
Or who hath given prudence to meteors ? ”

and he cites Schultens and others as his authorities.

The sense of *meteor* may be derived from שָׁחָה *sakhah*, to *wander*. It is evident that the ordinary version is at fault, since it maintains not the slightest connection between this distich and those preceding and succeeding it. It is a violent and unnatural disruption of the sequence of the subject, which is entirely on atmospheric operations, and celestial phenomena.

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#### CHAP. XXXIX.

189. The division of the chapters, as of the subject, which passes from inanimate to animate creation, should be between verses 38, 39, of the preceding chapter.

190. *When wand'ring round their nest, without supply, &c.*

It is said to be a peculiarity of the young of the raven, during the absence of the parent bird, to wander round about the nest, cawing loudly for food.

191. *The calving hinds, dost thou, from peril skreen ?*

The verb שָׁמַר *shamar*, signifies *to keep, to watch, to guard, keep safe, preserve, protect* : which is the proper sense, in this passage. To “*mark*” the hinds would not be an impossible task.

192. *They herd upon the plain.*

Heb. *they are multiplied upon the field.*

Modern discoveries fully corroborate this description of the herds of wild animals, on the boundless plains of the desert. The

word **בַּר** *bar*, in our version "corn," means here *field, plain, desert*. Gesen. in loco.

193. *The wild mule, &c.*

So Boothroyd translates, and says: "there are three species; **חמור** *hamor*, the common ass: **פֶּרָא** *pere, a*, the onager, or wild ass, and **עָרוֹד** *arod*, the wild-mule.

It is self-evident that there must be some intended distinction between the two last species; though both are rendered *wild-ass* in the Lexicons.

194. *Will the Rhinoceros, &c.*

A. Schultens, Gesenius, and Professor Lee, render the word **רִים** *rem*, (in our version, "Unicorn,") *Buffalo*. Most of the old versions, Good, and Boothroyd, on the other hand, translate, *Rhinoceros*; and Good asserts that the word **רִים** *rem*, is that by which the Rhinoceros is universally called, at this day, in Arabia.

195. *And bear the produce of thy threshing-floor..*

The word **גֹּרֶן** *goren*, a place levelled, and made smooth for threshing, (the only kind of threshing-floor in the east) is here used metonymically, for the *produce* of the threshing-floor. The distich is—

*Wilt thou confide in him, that he will bring in thy seed,  
And collect thy threshing-floor?*

196. *Exultant spread the Ostrich' airy wings;*

*But, from her plumes, what hallow'd office springs?*

This distich is wholly misunderstood in the common version both in the text and margin. In the first place, there is not, in the original, any allusion whatsoever to "*peacocks*." The only hebrew word for that bird is **תִּכְי** *tukkee*, used only twice in the plur. in 1 Kings x. 22, and 2 Chron. ix. 21.

2nd. The plur. word **רִנָּנִים** *renaneem*, is, in this place, *poetically*, translated *ostriches*, (not peacocks) from the stridulous sound of their wings, or their wailing noise. See Gesenius.

3rd. The verb, agreeing with the *fem.* noun **כֶּנָף** *kenaph*, *wing*, is NIPHAL, 3rd pers. sing. *fem.* of **עָלַם** *alas*: and signifies *to rejoice, exult*. Next follows the interrog. particle **אִם** *im*; then a *fem.* noun, signifying *a wing-feather*; then, the adjective **חֲסִידָה** *haseedah*, *pious*, agreeing, in the *fem.* with *wing-feather*; and, finally, another *fem.* noun for *feather*, or *plumage*, in connection with its adjective *haseedah*. Hence the verse runs lit. thus:—

*The wing of Ostriches exulteth:—*

*Is the wing feather pious, or the plumage?*

The first hemistich refers to the elevated manner in which the Ostrich carries her wings; the second, to the notorious indifference of that bird to her eggs, on which she never sits like other birds.

4th. The adjective *haseedah*, feminine of *haseed*, *kind*, *merciful*, *pious*, is, indeed, used for *the Stork*, because she is *the pious* (bird); so called, from her love to her young; while the Ostrich is termed *zaleem*, *the impious*, or *cruel* (bird), on account of her neglect of her young. Hence, *haseedah*, could never, under any circumstances, correctly stand for the Ostrich: and that, in this passage, it cannot possibly signify the Stork, is manifest, not only from the grammatical construction of the sentence, but from the immediately ensuing delineation of the habits of the Ostrich.

See Gesenius on **חֲסִידָה** *haseedah*.

197. *And all her toil through want of care, &c.*

In this passage the PIEL sense of **פָּחַד** *pahadh*, *to be very*

*careful, solicitous* (Davidson) is given to the noun—so the literal rendering would be:—

*She treats harshly her young, as not her own :*

*Her labour is in vain for want of solicitude.*

198. *With ardour, &c.*

The word רַעַמָּה *ra,amah*, is variously rendered. Its radical meaning is, *to rage, to roar*; hence, the idea of *thunder*; which word, our translators have adopted. But the metaphor is too exaggerated. What is there in the neck of the horse resembling thunder? that his *neighing* is not here referred to, seems evident from allusion to it in a subsequent verse. Gesenius and Davidson consider that the word signifies *mane*, from the sense of *trembling, quivering*, inherent in the root. But in a poem so abounding in personification and metaphor as this, there is no congruity in the question, "Hast thou clothed his neck with a *mane*?" From the radical sig. *rage*, the noun may imply the fierce and ardent contortions and tossings of the neck of the war-steed, when under excitement. Hence, *ardour*, seems as appropriate a rendering as any.

199. *Made to bound.*

Our version is here without meaning; in fact, the verb has no such sig. as "*to make afraid*:" its rad. sense being *to shake, tremble*, as the earth. Gesenius renders, *to make leap*. Now the locust is a symbol of *agility*, not of *cowardice*.

200. *And in his nostrils, &c.*

Lit. *the vigour of his snorting (or neighing) is terrible!*

201. *See, how he paweth in the vale, &c.*

—From this line, the verses are transposed, as follows:

v. 21. 1st hemistich. He paweth in the valley and exulteth in his strength.

- v. 25. *2nd hem.* From afar off, he smelleth the battle, the thunder of the chiefs, and the shouting.
- v. 24. *2nd hem.* He is incredulous at the sound of the trumpet.
- v. 21. *2nd hem.* He rusheth to meet the battle array.
- v. 24. *1st hem.* In tumult and raging he swalloweth the ground.
- v. 25. *1st hem.* As often as the trumpet (sounds) he saith "Aha!"
- v. 22. He laugheth at fear, and is not terrified, and turneth not back from the face of the sword.
- v. 23. Against him rattle the quiver, the glittering spear, and the javelin.

202. *His airy nest.*

The eagle here is the *male*, not female, as all the succeeding parts of speech, referring to him, demonstrate.

203. *On the bare rocks he dwells, and seated high, &c.*

The lit. translation of this passage is:—

*He inhabiteth the rock, and lodgeth on the sharp cliff of the rock, even (his) mountain-citadel.*

What a grand idea is this! and how familiar the picture to those conversant with the eagle, and other large birds of prey!

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## CHAP. XL.

Note. The first fourteen verses of this chapter have been transposed to the beginning of Chap. xli. and the whole of Job's rejoinder there thrown into one.

The descriptions of Behemoth and Leviathan comprise Chap. xl.; and the xlii. and, or closing chapter, commences from v. 7, of that in the common version. These transpositions were thought to render the sacred drama more consecutive.

204. *Survey my Behemoth's colossal frame, &c.*

This description of Behemoth, (lit. *the great beast*, query MEGATHERIUM?) is somewhat paraphrastic: and as the common version is so poorly rendered, the following perfectly literal one of verses 15—19, is here subjoined:—

Behold, now, Behemoth, which I made, equally with thee!

Grass, like the ox, he eateth.

Behold now, his strength is in his loins;

His vigour in the muscles of his belly.

He contorteth his extremity, (*which may be tail or trunk*)  
like the tall cedar;

The sinews of his thighs are interwoven.

His bones are tubes of brass;

His frame (*or backbone*) like a hammer'd iron bar.

He is chief of the works of God;

His Maker hath presented (him) his sword.—A highly poetic image for his *tusks*.

205. *He hasteth not th' o'erflowing flood before, &c.*

Lit. Lo! should a river press upon (him), he starts not up,  
(i.e. to flee.)

He is confident, although Jordan rush forth towards his mouth!

Before his eyes, will (one) take him?

With nose-rings perforate (his) nose?

206. *My dread Leviathan, &c.*

Concerning LEVIATHAN, and BEHEMOTH, a conjecture is here diffidently offered.

From the description given in this book of these two animals, it would appear that they were of genera now extinct.

In the earlier ages of the world's history, ere population had extensively increased, existence of the huge animals was, probably,

needful to consume the superabundant productions of the earth. The Mammoth discovered in a state of perfect preservation, imbedded in Siberian snows, by the bank of a large river, as mentioned in Lyell's Geology, was, manifestly, of *post-diluvian* origin. May there not have been—is it not highly probable there were—other quadrupeds of vast proportions, co-existent with the actors in this book, to which the majestic characteristics mentioned in this chapter, would more appropriately belong? For, although much allowance may, and must be, made for poetic imagery and diction, still to connect so glowing and terrific an account of Leviathan, with the common crocodile, seems like turning the sublime into the ridiculous.

Who, among eastern travellers, would admit that the *crocodile*, either of Egyptian or Indian waters, ever stood for the portrait here depicted. Unquestionably, no amphibious animal known to modern science, can challenge this likeness for his own.

On BEHEMOTH, Gesenius has a long note, endeavouring to prove that it signifies the *Hippopotamus*. But let any one who has seen that hideous beast, of uncouth proportions, and, by no means formidable size, be asked whether it corresponds with the majestic delineation, given in this chapter, of the stupendous Behemoth, which is called, "chief among the works of God." What member of the *Hippopotamus* can, without absurdity, be compared with "*the tall cedar?*" Moreover, the habits of the Hippopotamus do not lead him to frequent "mountains;" nor would there be any force in the bold assertion of his fearlessness, though a river rushed against him, were an *amphibious* animal intended. Doubtless Behemoth is a grand type of a land, as Leviathan is, of an amphibious quadruped.

- Some consider the *Elephant* to be the subject of this description. This is more probable: nor would the language, as that of

poetry, be much exaggerated, if applied to that noble quadruped. It is still, therefore, matter of conjecture whether Behemoth and Leviathan were not enormous and glorious creatures, of unparalleled size, strength, and formidable appearance, now extinct.

The version of the description of Leviathan is somewhat paraphrastic. Subjoined is the *literal* translation from the original, carefully drawn from the Lexicons of Gesenius and Davidson. The common version is, in many places, so obscure and grotesque, that the following is necessary in justification of that offered in this poem:

1. Wilt thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?  
And, with a cord, wilt thou depress his tongue?
2. Wilt thou put a bulrush-rope on his nose?  
And, with a ring, wilt thou perforate his jaw?
3. Will he multiply unto thee supplications?  
Will he, indeed, address to thee gentle words?
4. Will he make \* a covenant with thee?  
Wilt thou take him for a perpetual vassal?
5. Wilt thou sport with him, as a bird?  
And, wilt thou tie him up for thy maidens?
6. Shall associates banquet upon him?  
Shall they divide him among the merchants?
7. Wilt thou fill, with pointed darts, his skin?  
And, with the fish-harpoon, his head?
8. Lay upon him thy palm!  
Remember the conflict! do no more!

\* Heb. *cut up a divided one*: the mode of making a covenant, being to divide in two parts, the chosen victim.

9. Behold, the expectation of (taking) him is fallacious!  
Is not one, even at his appearance, prostrated?
10. Not one (is so) daring that he will stir him up.  
Who, then, is he that before Me may stand?
11. Who hath anticipated Me, that I may repay him?  
Beneath the whole heavens (what is) is mine!
12. I will not conceal his members,  
Nor the mention of his powers, and grace of his arrangement.\*
13. Who can uncover his face clothing?  
Within the doubling of his jaws, who may enter?
14. The doors of his face who may open?  
The circuits of his teeth are terrible!
15. The splendor† of the strong-of-shields (*i.e. strong shielded one*)  
Is shut up, a close seal;
16. One upon one, they ‡ come together,  
And air cannot enter between them:
17. Each on its fellow, they are glued together:  
They mutually take hold, and cannot be sundered.
18. At his sneezing, the light is made to shine;  
And his eyes are like the eyelids of the dawn.
19. From his mouth go flames;  
Sparks of fire flash forth.
20. From his nostrils issueth smoke,  
As (from) a seething pot, or boiling caldron.

\* *i.e. structure.*

† A poetic term for the body or frame-work.

‡ *They*, *i.e. his scales.*

21. His breath enkindleth coals;  
And flame from his mouth issueth forth,
22. Upon his neck, lodgeth STRENGTH;  
And, before his face, exulteth TERROR.
23. The flakes of his flesh firmly adhere;  
Molten upon him, it cannot be moved.
24. His heart is solid as a stone;  
Yea, hard as the nether mill-stone.
25. At his rising up the mighty ones turn aside (with fear),  
Through terrors they are bewildered.
26. Reaching him, the sword cannot endure;  
The spear, the dart, and glittering lance.
27. Iron he accounteth as straw;  
As rotten wood, brass.
28. The son \* of the bow cannot make him flee;  
As chaff, fall on him the stones of the sling.
29. As stubble is regarded the club;  
And he laugheth at the brandishing of the javelin.
30. Underneath him are the pointed things of the artificer;  
He streweth the sharp weapons on the mud.
31. He maketh to boil, as a caldron, the Deep;  
The sea, he makes like a pot of ointment!
32. Behind him shineth a pathway;  
The Deep is inwoven with hoar.
33. Not upon earth is his equal—  
Made without fear.

\* A Hebraism for *arrow* and perhaps also for *archer*.

34. All that is lofty, he looketh down upon—  
He is King over all the sons of pride!
- 

207. *Again, from out the whirlwind's deep'ning gloom, &c.*

This portion, to the end of the chapter, is composed of the first fourteen verses of Chap. xl., and the first six of Chap. xlii., and the verses are transposed as follows :

Chap. xl. 6, 7, 2, 8—14. then, Chap. xlii. 1—4. Again,  
Chap. xl. 4, 5 : and, lastly, Chap. xlii. 5, 6.  
Chap. xl. 1, 3, are merged into xl. 6, and xlii. 1.

208. *Who, who, indeed, am I, &c.*

Here, Job, in self-depreciation, repeats the question of the Almighty in Chap. xxxviii. 2.

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## CHAP. XLII.

209. *Yemeemah* (Jemima) i.q. *yemama*, Arabic for *Dove*.

*Ketseeah* (Kozia) *Cassia*.

*Keren-happook* (keren-happuch) *horn of paint*, that is of *stibium* or *antimony*, wherewith women of the East darkened, and still darken their eyebrows and eyelids, to increase their beauty. *Keren-happook* is a name therefore, expressive of exalted beauty. This word may, however, signify *horn of reverse*, as indicative of the auspicious change of Job's circumstances : or, according to the Septuagint, *cornucopiæ*, or *horn of plenty*.

Thus, did the now doubly blessed and grateful Patriarch give to his three daughters, names emblematical of his own happy staté. The *peace* of God ruling in his heart—the sweet *fragrance* of domestic love and harmony—and the *plenteousness* of unfailing prosperity,—crowned the remnant of his long-extended days.

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